

YANKEE DOODLE

COMPLETE STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

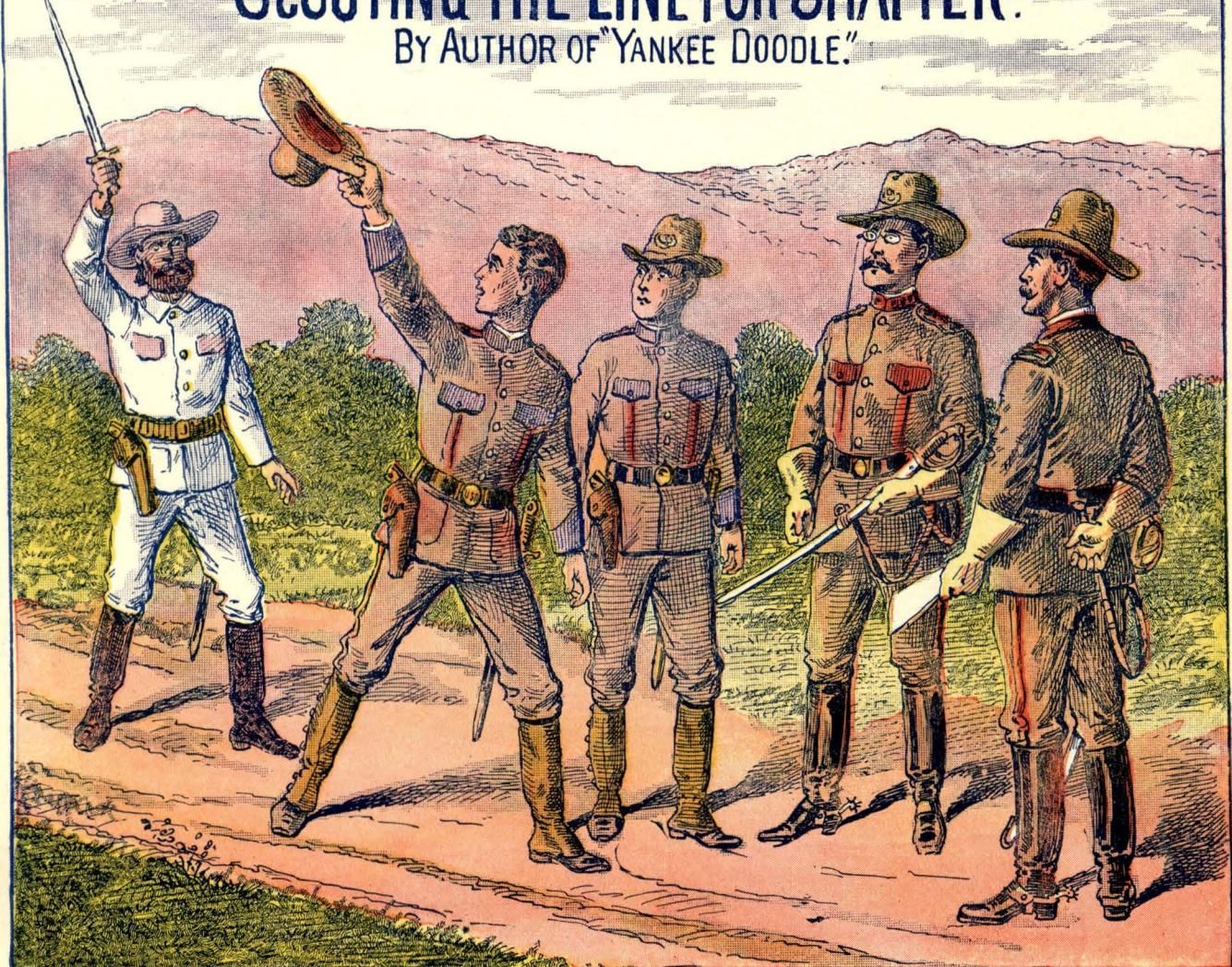
Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 8.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

YANKEE DOODLE AT THE SIEGE OF SANTIAGO; OR SCOUTING THE LINE FOR SHAFTER. BY AUTHOR OF "YANKEE DOODLE."



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CHAPTER I.

WAITING FOR ORDERS.

AFTER the destruction of the Spanish Squadron in front of Santiago, a victory which excited the admiration of the whole world, Admiral Sampson, in command of the American fleet, was ordered by the authorities in Washington City to confer with General Shafter, in command of the land forces, for the purpose of bringing about the reduction of the City of Santiago de Cuba with the least loss of life possible.

As soon as he could do so—for Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley were busily engaged in gathering up the prisoners of the Spanish Squadron and looking after the comfort of the officers captured in the great battle—the former signaled to General Shafter that he wished to confer with him.

The general at once signaled back for him to come ashore as early as convenient, and he would meet him.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, Admiral Sampson went ashore in his gig, and met the general in a house in the village of Aguadores. On meeting, the two great commanders shook hands and congratulated each other over the great triumph of the navy, after which they sat down at a table and began devising ways and means for the reduction of the city. Both of them recognized the stubborn fact that the Spaniards were desperate fighters, with an exaggerated sense of honor, which would impel them to a stubborn and prolonged resistance.

It was a hard nut for both of them to crack, and both understood that it would take very powerful blows to crack it. The general stated that in the City of Santiago there were probably fifteen thousand Spanish soldiers behind strong entrenchments; that he had heard from prisoners and refugees that new entrenchments

were being thrown up in many of the streets, and that scores of stone and brick houses, having flat roofs and parapets, were being prepared as little forts for the protection of riflemen, thus presenting to the American officers the prospect of the bloodiest fight of the century.

To attack the city on the land side alone, without the assistance of the fleet, would cost perhaps the lives of one-half the entire American army, and, therefore, it was absolutely necessary that the fleet co-operate in the attack with its entire strength.

The problem was an extremely difficult one to solve, for the mines and torpedoes yet remained in the narrow channel that formed the entrance to the harbor, and that grim old Morro on the right and Socapa on the left yet stood defiant, notwithstanding the tremendous bombardment to which they had been subjected.

From the decks of the war-ships not a single house of the city of Santiago could be seen, owing to the high hills and the tortuous windings of the channel.

To the clear practical mind of the admiral, only two courses to be pursued presented themselves. One was to reduce the fort by bombardment until every gun was dismounted or their defenders driven from them, so that a force could be landed to take possession, after which it would be easy to remove the mines and torpedoes by grappling for them, thus clearing the way for the entrance of the fleet into the harbor.

The other course was for the fleet to stand out and fire shells over the hills at a range of from five to seven miles, in the hope that they would fall and explode in the city.

The latter course was somewhat objectionable, on the ground that the entire fleet would be firing at a target they could not see. Also they would be liable

to inflict injury on the American troops in the event of their making an entrance into the city during the battle.

The more the two commanders discussed the situation the greater the problem became, and more apparent the difficulty in the way of success.

It was while the admiral and the general were thus conferring, the news came from Washington of the embarkation of reinforcements for the army. That was gratifying indeed to both, and as some five or six batteries of artillery were on the way with those reinforcements, it was decided to suspend the assault until their arrival, as artillery was very much needed all along the front of the American line. There were some siege guns down on the coast which had not yet been mounted in position, owing to the almost impassable condition of the roads leading up to the city.

The dynamite gun, of which such great things had been expected, had been pushed to the front in time to take part in the battle of El Caney, yet not a shot was fired from it, on account of some derangement of its mechanism. It was such a dangerous weapon that it had been extremely difficult to find any one with nerve enough to handle it. So dangerous, indeed, was it considered, that no officer would undertake to order any man to take charge of it, hence volunteers were called for.

Sergeant Alsop Borrowe of New York, who belonged to Wood's Rough Riders, promptly volunteered to work it, and his offer was as promptly accepted. The offer showed that he was a man of the very highest order of courage, as it was well known that its charge was about as liable to explode at the gun as at the other end of its flight.

When the admiral returned on board of his flagship he summoned Yankee Doodle to his presence in the cabin, and the famous drummer boy, who had already earned a national reputation by heroic service on land and sea and participating in fierce fights with the enemy, promptly reported to him, saying as he saluted:

"I am at your service, admiral."

"All right," was the reply. "General Shafter wants to see you on shore."

"I am ready to go at any moment, sir."

"Very good, my gig will return to the landing within half an hour."

"Can Joe go with me, admiral?"

"Oh, yes, I think he would be very lonesome without you."

"So would I be without him," laughed Yankee Doodle. "Must I report at once to the general?"

"Of course. You may find him at Aguadores on landing."

Yankee Doodle saluted and returned to his quarters, where he proceeded at once to pack up a few belongings preparatory to going ashore. It required but a few minutes to complete the task, and then he went in search of Joe Bailey, the young fifer who had come out with him with the regiment from New York.

He found him on the forward deck gazing at the wreck of the Vizcaya through a spy-glass.

"Say Joe," he said, slapping him on the shoulder, "go pack up as quickly as you can, for we're going ashore."

"The deuce we are," said Joe. "How many of us?"

"Only you and I."

"What's the matter?" Joe asked. "Has the admiral fired us?"

"No, the general has sent for us."

"Ah, that means business," and Joe hurried away to pack up his few things in his knapsack.

While they were waiting for the gig, Joe asked Yankee Doodle what he knew about the situation.

"Not a thing," replied Yankee Doodle; "but I suspect that great preparations are being made to close in on the Spaniards, to force them to surrender or to cut them to pieces."

"Have you any idea what the general wants of us?"

"No; but you can bet your life that he has some hot work on hand for us, for he is a hot man."

"You bet he is—hotter'n any tamale the Spaniards ever tackled."

When the gig was ready the two youths shook hands with the admiral and all the officers of the ship, and were then quickly rowed ashore where they landed at the village of Aguadores.

As it was then very near night the general and his staff remained at the house where the interview with the admiral took place.

As soon as he learned that fact Yankee Doodle proceeded at once to report to him.

"The admiral sent me ashore to see you, general," said he, as he saluted the commander of the American forces; "and I'm here at your service."

"Very good, my boy," returned the general. "How have you been?"

"Very well," said Yankee Doodle. "I heard that you had the fever."

"Yes," was the reply, "but I believe I'm pretty well over it. Wait here until morning, by which time I will let you know what I wish you to do. Have you rations?"

"Only one day's supply, general, for two of us."

"Very well, you will be supplied with more tomorrow," and with that Yankee Doodle saluted the general and retired to rejoin Joe, who was waiting for him in front of the house.

"What is it?" Joe asked, as he joined him.

"Don't know yet, as we are to wait until to-morrow for orders."

"What are we to do in the meantime?"

"Do just as we please," was the reply.

"Well, then, we had better look out for quarters for the night."

"Yes, so we had," and they went strolling about through the village, nearly every house of which they found deserted by the families that once occupied them. They found many of them pretty well knocked

to pieces by cannon balls during the recent fight, whilst others bore bullet marks all over their sides.

"It looks as though it was a pretty hot fight down this way, Joe," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Yes; judging from the bullet holes and the damage done by shells I should say it was. There is a house over there with one corner of it blown clear away; I guess a shell did that."

"Let's go in and look at it," said Yankee Doodle, and they entered the house to find everything in it more or less damaged, but the former occupants had evidently carried away everything but the heavier articles among the household effects.

In two places on the carpetless floor they found pools of blood that had dried there, showing that it was lately the scene of a tragedy. There was an odor about the place that was very far from pleasant.

"It won't do to sleep here," said Yankee Doodle, "as we would both wake up with the fever in the morning."

"Yes; how strange it is that in a climate like this people pay no attention whatever to cleanliness. In cold latitudes the germs of disease are suppressed, but the heat down here disseminates them in every direction. I'd rather sleep out in the open air and be soaked by the heavy dews than under the roof of a Cuban family."

"Oh, they're not all alike," said Yankee Doodle, "for I have been in some Cuban huts that were really clean, although they had dirt floors."

"So have I, but there is only about one in ten that way."

They passed out of the house and were soon again on the street, where they met soldiers passing to and fro, one of whom was a lieutenant who was carrying his left arm in a sling.

On seeing the two boys the lieutenant stopped, looked hard at Yankee Doodle for a moment or two, saying :

"You are Yankee Doodle, are you not?"

"That's what they call me, sir," he replied, "but it isn't my name."

"Well, it's all the name you've got in Cuba, and in this army. What are you doing down here?"

"Waiting for orders, sir; we've just come ashore from the flag-ship."

"Where are you stopping?" the officer asked.

"Nowhere at present; we are looking for quarters for the night."

"Well, come with me then. There's room for you where I'm stopping. I've had a slight wound, which, while it does not confine me to the hospital, gives me a few days' leave of absence from active service."

They accompanied the young officer in the direction of the river, near the banks of which were a number of large tents, which had been put up for the convenience and at the private expense of a number of officers.

There they found ample quarters and good companionship during the night.

Nearly every officer present had many questions to

ask the two boys about their adventures since first landing on the island.

"I'm sorry," said the captain, who was lying on a cot smoking a pipe, "that we haven't a fife and drum here, as I would like to hear some of your music."

"We don't want it here," said another officer, "for in less than ten minutes you'd have a thousand men around us, at a time, too, when we want all the quiet we can get."

Early the next morning Yankee Doodle thanked the officers for their entertainment, and returned to the general's quarters to await orders. They found, however, that the general was yet fast asleep, as none of his staff had seen him that morning.

While they were waiting a couple of Wild West cowboys were seen coming up the street, each armed to the teeth, and wearing sombreros and long hair, just as they had been accustomed to on the plains of Arizona.

"Hello!" said Joe, "here comes a couple of Teddy's Terrors! I wonder what they are doing down here, for we left the command up in the neighborhood of El Caney when we went on board the flag-ship."

"So we did, but I'll ask them where the Rough Riders are now," and Yankee Doodle stood there watching them as they sauntered along up the street.

"I say, pard!" he called, as they came within hailing distance, "where are the Rough Riders now?"

"Here's two of them," was the reply, "but we haven't ridden anything since landing in this blamed country."

"You've been riding your legs, haven't you?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Not a bit of it; it's nothing but a walk all the time."

"Well, where are the rest of the boys?"

"Up on the hills between El Caney and the city. But say, pard, I've seen you before; ain't you Yankee Doodle?"

"That's what they call me."

"Where have you been?" the cowboy asked. "We haven't seen or heard of you for a week."

"Been on board the fleet," was the reply, "and am now waiting for orders from the general."

CHAPTER II.

THE GENERAL'S ORDER AND HOW IT WAS TO BE EXECUTED BY YANKEE DOODLE.

WHILE Yankee Doodle was talking with the two cowboys he saw the general come out on the piazza of the house where he had spent the night, and catching his eye, very promptly saluted him. The two cowboys did the same, which the general returned with military promptness.

"Say, pard," whispered one of the cowboys to Yankee Doodle, "how in thunder is it the Spaniards can't hit a man of his size?"

"That's easy," laughed Yankee Doodle, "they hit by accident and not by aim."

"I reckon that's it," assented the cowboy, "for up where I was the other day in the fight along the road

between El Caney and the city, they seemed to hit everything in creation except what they were shooting at."

"I noticed that, too, and I've already heard one of our officers say that the Spaniards fire a thousand shots to hit one man."

"I reckon he is right," said the other cowboy who had been listening. "I had my belt full of cartridges that day, but I didn't fire more than four shots. But you can bet your lariat that I got a man each time."

"Are you sure of that?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Dead sure," was the reply, "for when I draw a bead on anything I get it. I saw each man go down."

"Well, that's business," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"You bet it is; but it isn't business to blaze away at a lot of bushes and take the chances of hitting something hid in there."

At that moment a staff officer came out on the porch of the general's quarters and beckoned to Yankee Doodle.

"Excuse me," said he to the cowboys. "I'll go in now and get my orders," and with that he hurried to the house, where he found the general seated at a table with his secretary close at his side.

"Are you ready for duty?" the general asked him.

"Yes, general."

"Well, I have some work for one who can do it without making any display or fuss, or even letting the enemy find out anything about his whereabouts, and it occurs to me that you are just the one for it."

"Thank you, general. I don't know whether I am or not, but I will do my level best wherever I am placed."

"That I am well aware of," returned the general. "I have had some Cubans trying to do it, but their work has been disappointing, to say the least. Our lines extend to the north and west of the city a distance of between five and seven miles; we haven't the men to extend it far enough to completely shut in the enemy. They are constantly receiving, by courier, communications from Havana and other Spanish posts through that unoccupied strip of territory. The Cubans have been watching it, but they merely shoot down those they consider Spaniards or volunteers, without giving any thought to letters or documents that might be found on the persons of their victims. It is those communications that I am extremely anxious to get hold of, hence I want you to get a good Cuban guide, a dozen or so of Wood's Rough Riders, and scout along out there in quest of persons bringing or taking communications in or out of the city to the enemy. Do you understand now what I want?"

"I believe I do, general, and I think I can do the work to your satisfaction. I once went all over those hills to the west of the bay, scouting for Admiral Sampson, and I know that even if the city is completely surrounded communications can go across the bay to a little inlet where there are about one dozen fishermen's huts."

"Ah," said the general, "I have made no mistake then, in selecting you for the service. I'll give you a note to Colonel Wood, who will give you a dozen or two of picked men to help you out. You are acquainted with the colonel, I believe?"

"Oh, yes; I fought with his men at El Caney, and before that battle two of his men were with me when I made the circuit of the Spanish entrenchments."

The general then directed his secretary to write a note to Colonel Wood, asking him to supply Yankee Doodle with fifteen or twenty picked men for special service. When it was written he read it over and signed his name to it, after which he folded it up and handed it to Yankee Doodle, with the remark:

"Go ahead, now!"

Yankee Doodle saluted and left the house, rejoined Joe and the two cowboys who were waiting for him, saying to them:

"Come ahead now; we must get to Colonel Wood's quarters just as quickly as we can."

"What's to be done when you get there?" one of the cowboys asked.

"That I cannot explain to you," he replied; "but I am assigned to some pretty hard work as soon as I can get the men to go with me. If you wish to go you'd better hurry up," and with that he and Joe started up over the hill north of the village.

It was between some five and six miles to the camp of the Rough Riders, and, as they were on foot, and compelled to travel over rough hills, it took them about three hours to make the trip.

When he reached the camp, he proceeded at once to the headquarters of the colonel commanding. He found him and Colonel Roosevelt together, and presented the note from the general.

"Hello! Back again?" exclaimed Colonel Roosevelt, extending his hand to the famous drummer boy. "I thought you had gone back to the fleet."

"So I did," he replied, "but the general sent for me yesterday, saying that he had some work for me to do."

"The general seems to place a good deal of confidence in you," remarked Roosevelt.

"Why shouldn't he?" Yankee Doodle asked. "I've never failed him in any work that he gave me to do."

"That's it, right to the point," said the colonel.

At that moment Colonel Wood handed Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt General Shafter's note to read.

The note did not state the nature of the work to be done, but simply asked him to let Yankee Doodle have fifteen or twenty picked men for special service.

"Whom do you want?" the colonel asked of Yankee Doodle.

"I want Jack Moreland, Bill Hawkins and the old Cuban, Pedro, if they can find him."

"But you want fifteen or twenty men, do you not?"

"Yes, colonel, but I want Moreland and Hawkins to select them for me, for they know who the best men are to stand by a fellow in a tight place."

"A very level head," remarked Roosevelt.

"Well, colonel, a man's got to have a level head in this kind of business if he wants to keep it on his shoulders any length of time."

"Quite right, my boy, quite right."

Colonel Wood instructed him to go to the company to which Moreland and Hawkins belonged, and find out from the officers where they were.

He did so, and found that they were both on duty out in front.

Yankee Doodle so reported to Colonel Wood, who immediately ordered the captain of the company to send for them. In about an hour the two Rough Riders came in and were very much surprised at seeing Yankee Doodle and Joe at the colonel's headquarters. They shook hands with them, and expressed their gratification at meeting them again.

Colonel Wood explained to them that General Shafter wanted fifteen or twenty men from the Rough Riders to volunteer for special service under command of Yankee Doodle, and that the latter had requested that they select the men for him.

Moreland and Hawkins turned to Yankee Doodle, and asked:

"Are we in it with you?"

"Of course," he replied, "right up to your chins. And see here now, I want you to select men whom you'd like to have by your side in a tight place; men who will keep cool and silent, and obey every order right up to the handle—and I don't want any other kind. Do you think you can get such men?"

"I reckon we can," they both replied.

"Very well; do you know where Pedro is?"

"I saw him last night," said Hawkins, "but don't know where he is to-day."

"Well, spread the report among the men that I'm here looking for him, and he'll soon get hold of it. Tell the men you speak to about going into this thing that they must volunteer, for they're not ordered to go by the general."

"How many men do we want?" Hawkins asked.

"Get fifteen more; for we four and old Pedro will make out twenty, and that's enough."

The two men then left the colonel's quarters and went out among the Rough Riders in quest of the men whom they wanted to go with them.

In about two hours they returned with a list of names, which Yankee Doodle handed to Colonel Wood for inspection.

"You know these men now, do you?" the colonel asked.

"Everyone of them, and they are game to the back bone as well as true."

"That's all right," said Yankee Doodle, turning to Colonel Wood. "I guess we'd better have five days' rations to take with us."

"When do you wish to start?"

"Within an hour, if it is possible to do so; but I don't wish to leave until I can find old Pedro."

"Very well," said the colonel; "the rations will be ready for you as soon as you are ready."

"Here comes Pedro!" sung out Joe, as he saw the tall, gaunt form of the old Cuban approaching from the direction of the front.

Yankee Doodle saw him some fifty yards away and waved his hat at him. The old man waved his machete high above his head and quickened his pace. As he came up he caught Yankee Doodle in his arms, exclaiming:

"*Sancti Marie!* How glad I am to see you, senor."

He then caught Joe in his arms, lifting him clean off the ground, asking:

"Has it been well with you, senors?"

"Yes, *amigo*," replied Yankee Doodle, "and I am glad more than I can say at seeing you still among the living. Have you killed any Spaniards since I saw you?"

"Si, senor; I have averaged one a day, yet I am forced to scour my machete with sand lest it rust," at which the party of officers laughed, while a grim smile swept athwart the face of the old Cuban.

"Pedro," said Yankee Doodle, "I want you to go with me."

"Where to, senor?" he asked, with a quick inquiring glance.

"To a post of danger," was the reply.

"I will go with you, senor; anywhere to strike a blow for Cuba."

"I knew that well enough, Pedro. I'm going where you and I have been before, but your knowledge of the country is so much greater than mine, that I would not think of going without you."

"When do we start, senor?"

"Within an hour from now; and there will be twenty of us all told—men who know how to fight as well as how to die. At the same time, we want to go out with the intention of every man of us coming back alive."

"Si, senor; it's the other fellows who must die."

"Exactly; and don't forget that. Get your haversack, for we are to take five days' rations with us; and see that your cartridge belt is well filled."

The old man went away in the highest spirit, for he was pleased beyond measure over the prospect of active work.

"The old man seems rather fond of you," remarked Colonel Roosevelt.

"Yes; we are great friends. He saved my life twice, and I know of no man living whose friendship I prize more. He was with me when Admiral Sampson sent me to communicate with General Gomez; and it was on that trip that he saved my life. He is the best fighter in a hand-to-hand combat I ever saw or heard of. He obeys orders promptly, but won't take a Spaniard prisoner under any circumstances."

"That's all wrong," said Colonel Roosevelt, shaking his head.

"So it is from our standpoint," assented Yankee Doodle; "but the Spaniards have killed pretty nearly all his relatives, and I guess he has vowed to avenge them. I can't blame him, and have no word of re-

proach for him on that account; yet when his machete is in the air ready to descend on the head of a Spaniard, he will lower the point to the ground instantly if I forbid him to strike."

"That shows him to be a good soldier," remarked Colonel Wood.

"Well, I don't know," laughed Yankee Doodle; "I'm inclined to think that were you or even General Shafter to forbid him to strike, he would split the Spaniard's head all the same, and swear he didn't hear the order."

"Why, how's that?" laughed the colonel.

"It is simply his love for me. He seems to look upon Joe and I as the only people in the wide world for him to love and cherish."

"Rather a remarkable character," remarked Colonel Roosevelt.

"Yes," assented Colonel Wood; "and I can conceive that a thousand such men, well drilled and disciplined, would be more than a match for an equal number of men from any army in the world."

In about an hour the men who had volunteered for the special service reported at the colonel's headquarters, each armed with a brace of revolvers and a magazine rifle. Five days' rations had been issued to them, and they were now ready for the start.

They were waiting for old Pedro. When Yankee Doodle saw him coming he advanced to meet him, and being thus beyond hearing of any one else, he told him in a low tone of voice where they were going, and the nature of the service they were to perform.

"Now," said he to the old man, "you are to guide us, and whichever way you lead us we will follow without question. We wish to avoid being seen by the enemy as long as possible, for the general says it is imperatively necessary that we do the work quietly, without alarming the enemy, by openly showing ourselves to them in their rear. Do you understand now, Pedro?"

"Si, señor. Will the colonel pass us through the line?"

"We don't wish to go through the line right in the face of the enemy."

"No, señor, but the extreme right of the army is very strictly guarded."

"I guess the colonel will send an officer with us to that point."

"It is well, señor. We will go now."

Yankee Doodle then shook hands with Colonel Roosevelt and Colonel Wood, both of whom sent an officer along to see that they were permitted to pass beyond the right wing of the army.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO CAPTURES.

WHEN the little party reached the extreme right of the American line, the officer whom Colonel Wood had sent along with them explained to the general in command there that the party was sent out on special service by order of General Shafter. They were permitted to pass through unchallenged, and a few min-

utes later they were swallowed up in the great woods beyond the line.

In the depths of the great forest Yankee Doodle halted the party and told them the nature of the work they had to perform.

"It is very dangerous work," he remarked, "yet at the same time of the utmost importance to the army. I've been on such duty before and that is why the general sends me out again. Now, if there is one among you who is not willing to obey promptly and unquestionably every order given I want him to now turn back, so that he will not imperil the lives of the rest of us at a critical moment. I am no officer, and have no power over you except by your agreement. All the shoulder straps I wear is simply the confidence of the general, and I will state to you that when we have finished our work the general will have the name in writing of every man taking part in it. We may all have a chance to win promotion, and on the other hand we run the risk of being utterly wiped out. What little service I have seen teaches me that audacity which astonishes the enemy is generally the safest, and so far, following that idea, Pedro, Joe and myself have come out several times unscathed from the very jaws of death. Now, do any of you wish to go back?"

"No!" came quickly from every man in the party.

"Very well, then; you will obey every order?"

"Yes," they responded.

"All right, then; we are all comrades, bound to stick together in the face of a common danger; and everyone of you is at liberty to make suggestions as they occur to you, if it can be done at a time when there is no danger confronting us that requires quick work. You can readily understand that suggestions are out of order in the midst of a hot fight. Now, Pedro, we are ready to follow you; we want to get down pretty close to the upper end of the harbor where the spies of the enemy, couriers and messengers are coming and going continuously."

"Come," said Pedro, turning around, stooping over in a crouching position and leading off in a southerly direction through the thicket.

"Keep in single file now, men," said Yankee Doodle, "every man following closely behind the one in his front."

They traveled in that way for about a quarter of a mile, until they struck the road leading from Caimenez direct into the city. There they halted until the old Cuban crept cautiously out to see if any one was in sight.

Finding the coast clear, the old Cuban ran across the road, where he waited for the others to join him one at a time. No two were to go together. In a few minutes they were all on the south side of the road a couple of miles east of the village, and some three miles west of the upper end of Santiago de Cuba.

From there it was but a short distance down to the head of the bay, and it was through that slip of woods, close down by the water, that Yankee Doodle suspected that couriers and spies entered and left the

city in the daytime, and probably by boat across the upper end of the bay under cover of night, as well as along the main road.

From the main road down to the water was quite a descent, while the woods were thick with a very heavy undergrowth.

A little more than half way down towards the foot of the hill, they found a spring of clear, sparkling water, bubbling up from under the roots of a gigantic live oak. It was evident that it was very little used, as it was too near the city on the east and the village on the left, for people passing that way to have need of its waters.

"We had better stop here, senor," said old Pedro, "for some fifty or sixty feet below us is a little pathway which leads to and from the city. We will need water while we remain in these woods, and this is the only place where we can get it. If you will go down with me now, senor, I will show you the path."

"Very well; lead on," said Yankee Doodle, at the same time beckoning to Hawkins and Moreland to go with him.

The three followed the old man cautiously down the side of the hill until they struck a little road, which in fact was nothing more than a path through which two horsemen could not go abreast. There were signs, however, that it had been pretty well traveled of late. They crossed the path, and a few paces further on were close enough to the water's edge for them to see the doomed city on the east shore of the bay. High up on the hills, in the rear of the city, could be seen at various points the American flag waving along the line of their entrenchments. Still nearer the city were the Spanish entrenchments, over which the flag of Spain waved along the line away down towards the fort at the mouth of the harbor.

They stood there gazing at the scene for some ten or fifteen minutes. Many vessels were lying along the wharves, which had been shut in by the blockading of the port.

"It's a beautiful sight!" remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Yes," said Moreland, "far more beautiful now than it will be after one or two days' bombardment."

"Of course," said Hawkins, "and during that time it'll be about the hottest place on the face of the earth."

Yankee Doodle was about to make a remark, when old Pedro quickly raised his finger warningly, and then assumed a listening attitude. They were not more than fifty feet away from the little road where they heard the sounds of horsemen passing.

Yankee Doodle motioned them forward with his right hand, and all four of them hastened up the hill under cover of the bushes. They there concealed themselves to await the appearance of the unknown.

He soon appeared—a man on horseback with none of the garb of a soldier about him, save the erect manner in which he bestrode the animal.

"We must stop him," whispered Yankee Doodle; and instantly he and Moreland made ready to spring

out into the path the moment the opportune time arrived.

As the man appeared where they were concealed the two dashed out in front, Moreland seizing the bit with his left hand, whilst he held a revolver in his right, exclaiming at the same time:

"Halt, senor."

The man was positively startled at the sudden appearance of the two men, and, for a few brief moments, simply stared at them. Then with a quickness that seemed almost electrical he drew a revolver and fired at Moreland's face.

The smoke of the powder almost blinded him, but he threw up his right hand almost at the same instant and fired, the ball passing entirely through the man's chest.

The pistol dropped from the horseman's hand, while he fell backwards on the rump of his horse, sliding thence to the ground with one foot fastened in the stirrup.

Moreland held tightly to the bit, thus preventing the horse from plunging or escaping.

Hawkins and old Pedro sprang out from the bushes, the latter seizing the stirrup and disengaging the dead man's foot from it.

"Take him out of the road, quick!" said Yankee Doodle, in a low tone of voice, and old Pedro seized the collar of the dead man's coat and dragged him down the hill almost to the water's edge, whilst Hawkins took charge of the horse, thus relieving Moreland.

He led the animal into the bushes a little more than half way down to the water, where he tied him securely to a swinging limb.

The whole thing was over with in less than sixty seconds, and they proceeded to search the person of the unknown. A package of papers written in Spanish was found in an inner pocket, whilst around his waist next his body, was a leather belt well filled with gold coins.

"This man," said Yankee Doodle, in a low tone of voice, "had evidently started out on a long trip, for he is provided with gold for expenses, and a good horse to bear him through."

"Si, senor," assented old Pedro, "and these papers are reports for Captain-General Blanco."

"Are you sure of that?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor,"

"Then General Shafter must see them before Blanco does. Tie them up carefully, so that they may be protected in case of rain. But what in thunder are we to do with this body?"

"Bury it in the bay, senor," suggested Pedro.

"We have no boat."

"I can get one soon after dark comes on. We'll tie a stone to it and sink it a hundred feet out there where we'll see it no more."

"And the horse; what shall we do with that?"

"He is valuable; we must keep him."

"But how can we?" Yankee Doodle asked. "It is

very dangerous to ride a horse along the main road?"

"Not in the daytime, senor, as the Spaniards no longer send any armed troops out that way, for fear they would be destroyed by the Americanos."

"Very well, then, somebody must take this package and deliver it to General Shafter."

"Bill, you are the man for that," remarked Moreland.

"All right, pard, I'll take it."

"Wait a moment," said Yankee Doodle, and he took the package of papers and wrote on the back with a pencil:

"Forwarded to General Shafter by the hand of Bill Hawkins of the Rough Riders." Underneath that he signed, "Yankee Doodle."

Then he handed the package to Hawkins, saying:

"Give that to the general just as quick as you can, and tell him how we came in possession of it. You must lead the horse across that path up there, passing the spring on the way up, and when you reach the main road go at full speed until you get sight of the American line. Then press on till the pickets stop you. They will see you through, and make it easy for you to reach the general. Don't give up the package to anybody but General Shafter."

Hawkins at once proceeded to carry out the order, and in less than ten minutes was leading the horse through the thicket up the hill to the main road.

"It may be a matter of very great importance," said Yankee Doodle, turning to Moreland and old Pedro. "You'd better keep close up to that path up there now, and wait for someone else to come along."

"But what's to be done with this belt?" Moreland asked.

"Count the money and divide it twenty times," said Yankee Doodle, "and let every man have his share. It is our prize money."

"All right," said Moreland, and he proceeded to count the money out in gold coin.

"How much?" Yankee Doodle asked, when he had finished counting.

"Four hundred dollars even," was the reply.

"Good! That's twenty dollars each for us. I guess the boys won't kick about it."

"Hardly," dryly assented Moreland; "the boys are not hard to please with such rations, for it puts a good deal of life into a man to have the yellow stuff in his pocket."

"Well, slip across the road, run up there, and give it to them at once, each man his share, for the sooner they get it the better it will be, as each one will then be responsible only for his own. When you have done so, bring another one down with you to take Hawkins' place."

Moreland at once made his way up the hillside to the spring, where the fifteen other cowboys were in camp, leaving Pedro and Yankee Doodle to guard the little road by themselves.

He had scarcely reached the spring when a Cuban was seen coming along, going in the direction of the city. He was on foot, armed only with the inevitable machete.

"Shall we stop him?" Yankee Doodle whispered to Pedro.

"Si, senor."

"All right; I'll leave that to you."

As the unknown came along Pedro stepped out into the road, confronting him without uttering a word. The other stopped and glared at him in evident astonishment.

"Where are you going?" Pedro asked him.

"To the city," replied the other.

"Do you live there?"

"Si, senor; it is my home, but I have been away."

"Where have you been?"

"Out in the country looking for a place to which I can take my wife and children, so they will be safe when the great battle is fought."

"Why should you come this way?" Pedro asked, "when General Linares is sending out all families who wish to go?"

"Because those who are sent out go to the Americanos, and I'm afraid of them."

"Why should you be afraid of them, senor? They are the friends of Cuba?"

At that question the unknown seemed to be convinced of the status of old Pedro, and at once tried to change the nature of his statement.

"You are my prisoner, senor," said Pedro, with a grim smile on his face.

"Not as long as I have my machete," replied the other rather defiantly, at the same time raising the weapon menacingly.

Quick as a flash Pedro sprang forward and the two terrible machetes clashed. For a few brief seconds the ring of steel against steel was heard, followed by a sound that was a cross between a blow and a tear, which ended the fight.

Yankee Doodle sprang out of the bushes, and found the unknown lying on the ground, with his head split half way to his chin.

"Why did you kill him?" he asked of Pedro.

"I had to, senor," replied the old fellow, dragging the body away into the bushes.

Yankee Doodle stepped forward, and by a sweep of his foot effaced the blood stains on the ground. Then he followed Pedro, whom he found searching the body of the dead Cuban.

"What do you find?" he asked.

"Nothing, senor."

"What! Nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all, senor."

"Why in thunder did he resist, then?"

"Because he was a spy for the Spaniards."

"How do you know he was?"

"Because he showed in his reply to my question that he was a friend of Spain, and began the fight when I told him he was my prisoner. He has been out somewhere, and was returning with news for the

Spaniards. When he showed fight, there was nothing for me to do but to fight, too."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT—"THE SINEWS OF WAR."

YANKEE DOODLE had long since learned to appreciate the cool judgment of the old Cuban. He had never found him mistaken in his conclusions, hence he did not doubt that the man whom he had just slain was actually a Spanish spy. He could but regard it as strange, though, that the man should have resisted as he did, unless he was actuated by the fear of his status being discovered by the Americans or insurgents.

There were now two bodies to be buried when night should come on, and Yankee Doodle earnestly hoped that no more would be added to the list. He warned Pedro that no more men should be killed who could be captured alive.

"But if they fight, señor, I must fight, too; and I fight to kill."

"Very true," assented Yankee Doodle; "self defense is the first law of nature, and of course, one is justified in taking life under such circumstances, but when it is possible to take the man alive without running too great a risk ourselves we must do so. I hope we may not have to kill another man."

He had scarcely ceased speaking ere the old Cuban straightened up to his full height for a brief second or two, then leaned forward in a listening attitude for another moment, after which he motioned quickly to Yankee Doodle that another was coming and darted forward to the roadside.

Yankee Doodle quickly followed him, and peering out through the bushes, saw two Cubans coming towards them, going in the direction of the city. Both of them were in crouching positions, with their faces turned so as to look down the length of the road, while they pushed forward almost on a run.

Grasping his revolver so as to be ready for any emergency, Yankee Doodle waited until they were near enough to be halted.

Just as he was about to spring out into the road and call a halt, he heard old Pedro call out:

"Stop, Miguel!" and instantly both the strangers came to a halt and straightened up.

One of them asked in Spanish:

"Is it you, Pedro?"

For answer Pedro stepped out of the bushes and extended his hand to the two Cubans.

"Where are you going?" Pedro asked.

"We are after a spy," replied the man addressed as Miguel.

"I've got him," said Pedro.

"Ah! where is he?"

"Dead in the bushes back there."

"Let me see him."

Pedro led the way back into the bushes followed by the two new-comers, during which time Yankee Doodle remained concealed in the bushes.

"That is he," said Miguel, as soon as he saw the body of the dead Cuban. "He was a spy, but we did not suspect him until he was seen slipping away from the camp a few hours ago."

"What camp?" Pedro asked.

"Garcia's," replied Miguel. "But why are you here, Pedro?"

"I am here with Señor Yankee Doodle."

"Ah! the young Americano! Where is he?"

"Here I am, Miguel," said Yankee Doodle, advancing through the bushes, and extending his hand to the stalwart Cuban.

"God be praised, señor! I am glad to see you!" exclaimed Miguel, grasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "This is Felix Mendoza," he added, introducing his companion.

"Glad to see you, Felix," said Yankee Doodle, extending his hand to the other, after which he again turned to Miguel with an inquiry about his wife and daughter.

"They are well, thank you, señor," returned Miguel; "but it is hard for them to keep so, as it is almost impossible for them to get food enough to keep them alive."

"Are they at the old home yet?"

"No, señor; the volunteers burned them out; they now live with relatives in the village of Caimenez."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Yankee Doodle. "You must return to them at once and give them this," and with that he handed him about six dollars in Spanish gold coin which he took from his pocket.

"Thanks, señor," said Miguel, as he held out his hand for the coin; "it will save their lives, but it is not the first time you have done so."

"That's all right, Miguel," said Yankee Doodle. "They saved my life once by hiding me when the Spanish marines from the fleet were searching for me. When you see them tell them I have not forgotten them, and say to señorita that I have thought of her a thousand times since last I saw her."

"Ah, señor, she has prayed for your safety every day since you escaped from the marines."

After a little more time spent in asking and answering questions, Yankee Doodle instructed Miguel to return to the village, and, after relieving the necessities of his wife and daughter, to devote a day or two in an attempt to find out what Cubans in the village were acting as spies for the Spaniards in Santiago, adding at the same time:

"I expect to remain here several days for the purpose of cutting off communication with the enemy. There are about twenty of us, the rest being up on the hill there by the spring. If you hear of any considerable force trying to get into the city, let me know about it as quickly as you can."

"Si, señor," said Miguel; "I will do so," and with that he and Felix hurried away, going westward along the little road leading to the village.

They had been gone about five minutes when Jack Moreland returned with the report that the boys up at the spring were very happy over the twenty dol-

lars in gold prize money which each one had received, and had voted unanimously that they would like nothing better than to serve under Yankee Doodle during the war.

"I wish I had command of about a thousand such men," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"So do I," said Jack; "but what's the use of wishing?"

"None whatever," said Yankee Doodle. "All the same, we will do the best we can. It will soon be dark now, and we will need more men down here. You had better return to them, tell them to eat their supper at once, and bring half of them down with you to help guard this road. Pedro is going after a boat in which to carry the two dead bodies out into the lake and sink them, as we have no time to dig graves for them."

"Thunder!" exclaimed Jack. "Did you get another one?"

"Yes," was the reply; "but he had nothing but a machete, with which he foolishly attempted to get past Pedro."

"Very foolish indeed," assented Jack, "for the devil himself couldn't do that."

Moreland then crossed the little road, went up to the spring, and a little later returned with seven of the cowboys, whereupon old Pedro slipped away through the bushes a few paces back from the water's edge, going in quest of a boat. They saw nothing more of him for a couple of hours, at the end of which time they heard the sound of oars out on the water.

As the moon was shining very brightly, it was very light on the water, though quite dark in the woods.

"That is Pedro," said Yankee Doodle, as he caught a glimpse of a solitary figure in a boat coming towards them, and a few minutes later the boat grated on the sand of the beach, where the old Cuban sprang out.

"Where did you find it, Pedro?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It was in the little inlet half a mile west of here," he replied. "It belongs to a friend of mine who is a fisherman."

"The fisherman's huts are not there now, are they?"

"No; they have all been burned."

"Miguel had a boat there, had he not?"

"This is Miguel's boat."

"Ah! indeed. I once had a perilous adventure in it."

Old Pedro did not wait to hear more, but proceeded at once to place the two dead bodies in the boat, and row them out a couple of hundred yards, where he dumped them into the water. That done, he returned and drew the boat up on the sand, while the others assisted him to conceal it in the bushes.

During this time four men were stationed by the roadside to intercept all attempting to pass that way. Yankee Doodle had instructed them to let no man escape, as he wished to keep the fact concealed

from the Spaniards that the road was being watched by the Americans.

Some two or three hours passed before anything occurred to disturb the solitude of the forest. Then four men were seen coming along the little road on foot. Whether they were Spaniards or Cubans Yankee Doodle was unable to determine, as the road was so narrow that very little moonlight fell upon it. Yankee Doodle had placed his little force in two places about fifteen or twenty feet apart, so that at a given signal they could spring out into the road intercepting passersby in front and rear.

As the four new-comers approached, he and Pedro with Moreland and another, sprang out directly in front of them. At the same instant five others closed in behind them.

"Halt!" commanded Yankee Doodle.

Quick as a flash of lightning the new-comers wheeled to retreat, and in their panic actually ran against the muzzles of the rifles of the party in their rear.

"We surrender!" exclaimed one of them in Spanish.

"All right," said Jack Moreland, catching one of them by the collar and disarming him.

The other cowboys did the same thing, and found that the four prisoners were Spanish soldiers.

"Are you Americanos?" one of them asked.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle.

"Then we are lost."

"You are prisoners," corrected Yankee Doodle.

"Senor Americano, don't kill us, for we are trying to get away and leave the army. We promised not to fight any more against Cuba."

"Are you deserters?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor, we are trying to get away to the woods where neither Spain or the Americanos can find us."

"Why have you deserted?" he was asked.

"Because we are afraid the American army would capture the city and shoot all the prisoners."

"But the Americans do not shoot prisoners of war. They treat them well, feeding them a blamed sight better than we do our own soldiers. How did you get the idea that the Americans shoot prisoners of war?"

"We were told so by our officers, senor."

"Well, it's a lie," put in Jack Moreland, "and is told simply for the purpose of making you fellows fight to the last. No civilized nation in the world shoots prisoners of war. Spain does it sometimes, but then she isn't civilized."

"Jack," said Yankee Doodle in English to Moreland, "we must get those fellows away from here, as others may be coming along. Four of you must take these prisoners up to the spring and tell the boys up there to take care of them until morning. Then you must come back as quick as you can."

The prisoners were hurried away with but little ceremony.

When Moreland returned, he stated to Yankee Doodle that the cowboys up there had corralled the prisoners so that they could not escape.

Scarcely half an hour had passed when the sound of

horses' hoofs was heard coming along the road from the city, and again Yankee Doodle and the cowboys were on the alert. Two horsemen appeared, one following after the other, both evidently in haste to get away from the city as quickly as possible. Yankee Doodle and his party sprang out in front of them, raised their rifles and called a halt.

A patch of moonlight, streaming through the foliage of the trees, revealed to the astonished horsemen the muzzles of four rifles within five feet of their breasts.

"Surrender!" called out Yankee Doodle, and the next instant a demand to surrender came from the rear.

"I yield to force, senor," said the horseman in front.

"Very sensible," said Yankee Doodle. "Kindly dismount."

The man dismounted and his example was followed by the other, and both were led into the moonlight, where Yankee Doodle discovered that the first wore the uniform of a Spanish colonel.

"You are an officer, I see," said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes; you are an American, are you not?"

"Yes; we belong to the American army. What is your name?"

"That is not necessary, senor; I am a prisoner of war."

"Yes, so you are, and you'll be treated as such."

"I hope I will, senor."

Jack Moreland then took the prisoner's sword from him, whilst the other prisoner, who was evidently the colonel's orderly, was also disarmed.

"You must be searched, colonel," said Yankee Doodle.

"Why should a disarmed prisoner be searched?"

"That is a very foolish question to ask," said Yankee Doodle. "You may have other arms; you may have a pocket full of dynamite; for all we know you may have a pair of wings under your coat, hence we wish to make sure that you do not fly away from us."

"I assure you I have neither wings nor dynamite," remarked the prisoner, but his assurance did not prevent his being searched. Jack Moreland went through his clothes with the skill of a professional pickpocket. He drew from his pocket a package of letters, while from around his waist he removed a well-filled money belt.

"Do you rob your prisoners, senor?" the officer asked.

"No," was the reply, "but we take everything that is contraband of war."

"But money is private property," suggested the officer.

"Very true," assented Yankee Doodle, "yet at the same time it is as much the sinews of war as powder and lead."

Jack Moreland deliberately buckled the money belt around his own waist, after which he led the prisoners and the two horses through the woods up to the

spring, where he turned them over to his comrades for safe keeping, adding in a half whisper:

"I reckon he is a pretty good prize, boys, so treat him kindly, but don't let him get away."

CHAPTER V.

"WOMEN DO MAKE WAR"—THE ESCAPE OF THE FAIR SPANISH GIRL.

WHEN Moreland went away with the Spanish colonel, Yankee Doodle hastened down pretty close to the water's edge, where, in a clump of bushes, by the light of a few matches he hastily examined the letters found on the prisoner.

One of them he found was addressed to General Pandos by General Linares, the Spanish commander in the city of Santiago, urging the former to hasten by forced marches to reinforce him, stating that the bearer of the letter, Colonel Mendez, would assist him in piloting the way through certain passes in the mountains. He said further, that with reinforcements of six or eight thousand men he would be able to assume the aggressive and drive the invaders into the sea.

The other letters were reports and memoranda that were to be forwarded to Blanco at Havana. One of the cowboys, who understood Spanish thoroughly, read the letters and translated them for Yankee Doodle.

"By George!" said Yankee Doodle, "these letters will do General Shafter more good than anything that has fallen into his hands, and he must get them as early to-morrow morning as possible."

By that time Moreland had returned from the spring on the hillside, and was told the importance of the capture.

"Glad to hear it," said Jack; "but if we take any more of them I'm afraid we'll have more prisoners than we can handle."

"Oh, we'll catch some more," said Yankee Doodle, "but under no circumstances must we let one escape us."

"Hello! I hear a horse coming!" said one of the cowboys, as the faint sound of a horse's hoofs along the road was heard. They ran up to the roadside just in time to head off the horse which was coming at a brisk trot.

Jack Moreland sprang out, seized the horse by the bit, at the same time calling out:

"Halt!"

The rider jerked the reins vigorously, and urged the horse forward as if to ride Moreland down, but the Rough Rider held on firmly until another cowboy seized the bit on the other side.

"Why do you stop me, senor?" a girlish voice asked.

"Hello!" exclaimed Moreland, "it's a girl," and the next moment a faint scream escaped the girl on the horse, as she exclaimed:

"Americanos!"

"Yes, senorita," said Yankee Doodle, "we are Americanos, and for that reason you are safe."

"But why do you stop me, Senor Americano?"

"Because this is a time of war, senorita, and we cannot permit people to enter Santiago without finding out who they are and what their business is."

"I am a woman, senor, returning to my home in the city," and her voice, as she spoke, betrayed great agitation.

"That may be true, senorita; at the same time we cannot permit you to go on until we are satisfied that you are on a mission of peace rather than war."

"Women do not engage in war, Senor Americano."

"Sometimes they do, senorita; and the fact that you are entering the city alone at midnight, is pretty good evidence that you are carrying news to the Spanish commander."

"No, no, senor!" she protested most vehemently. "I am returning to my home, and I beg that you will let me go."

"Just now, senorita, Santiago is a most dangerous place for women and children, for if it is not surrendered very quickly, it will be torn to pieces by shot and shell."

"Oh, but I am coming away again with my mother, senor. I am going after her."

"It is not necessary for you to go after her, senorita. If she wishes to leave the city, she can do so in open daylight, and find protection behind the American army. You must dismount, for you cannot go on."

Her agitation was so great, that for a few minutes she sat there on her horse wringing her hands in silence.

"Have no fears whatever, senorita," said Yankee Doodle reassuringly, "for, while you may be subjected to a little inconvenience, you will be respected by every American and treated with all the deference due your sex. Permit me to assist you to alight," and he reached both hands up to her as he spoke.

"Senor Americano," she said, "I beg of you to let me keep my seat, and you can lead my horse where you please."

"That is impossible, senorita, as you cannot keep your seat while the horse is being led through the woods."

"Then let me return the way I came," she suggested.

"That is impossible also, senorita."

Just then Jack Moreland, who was a head taller than Yankee Doodle, quietly reached up, caught her around the waist, gently, but firmly lifted her from the saddle and stood her on her feet on the ground, saying at the same time:

"Pardon me, senorita, but you must give us as little trouble as possible and have no fears whatever for your safety."

The girl uttered not a word, and while one of the men led her horse away into the woods, she was seen to turn her back to Yankee Doodle and Moreland, thrust her hand into the bosom of her dress and take from it what appeared in the darkness to be a letter. She quickly tore it in two, and was going to tear it

into smaller bits when Moreland reached over her shoulder and snatched it from her hand. She wheeled quickly and made a frantic effort to regain possession of it, but he held it high above her head out of her reach.

On finding herself foiled, she thrust her right hand again into the bosom of her dress, and the next moment a bright blade flashed in the moonlight, into which her quick movement had placed her.

This movement did not escape the watchfulness of Yankee Doodle, for the next moment he caught her by the wrist and wrenched the dagger from her hand.

Said he:

"You see that I was right, senorita, when I said that women sometimes do make war."

She made no reply, but her large black eyes flashed hatred and defiance as she stood there in the moonlight, surrounded by the stalwart cowboys.

She was really a beautiful girl, apparently about twenty years of age, and of medium height, with a full, round figure. She would answer no questions, simply curling her lips in contemptuous silence.

Yankee Doodle was perplexed, and for several minutes was at a loss to know what to do with the fair prisoner. He had no doubt whatever that the letter which Moreland had snatched from her hand was a communication for some official in the city; yet, as that letter was now in his possession, he doubted the policy of keeping her a prisoner.

"Say, Jack," said he, "come with me a few minutes; I want to talk with you," and he turned away, leaving the girl in charge of the others, and together they went into the woods, where Yankee Doodle struck a match, saying as he did so:

"See if you can find out the contents of that letter." After using up half a dozen matches, Jack said:

"It is a letter to General Toral in Santiago from General Lorenz, telling him where he is, and advising the former to make a sortie against the right wing of the American army a little after sunrise on Thursday, by which time, by making a night march, he can fall upon their rear and thus have the invaders between two fires."

"Oh, the deuce!" said Yankee Doodle. "That's the most important thing yet. I was thinking of letting the girl go, but if we do she will get the news back to Lorenz that his letter had fallen into our hands. We'll have to hold her until we hear from General Shafter."

"Of course," assented Jack. "She is a plucky girl, though."

"You bet she is."

They returned to the girl and at once conducted her under guard of two cowboys up to the spring, where she was made to sit down at the foot of a big oak and cautioned to keep quiet, otherwise they would be compelled to tie her hands and feet to prevent her escape.

"I will be good," said she, nestling down against a tree with a cowboy on either side of her.

There was a very small camp-fire about ten feet

away from the spring, where the dense thicket prevented its light from being seen anywhere in the direction of the road below.

"Say, Jack," said Yankee Doodle to Moreland, as they resumed their station by the roadside, "this little path has been the underground railroad for the Spaniards ever since the investment of the city."

"Yes, it looks that way, pard," answered Jack, "but when we stop a few more of them they'll begin to think that something is wrong, and may send out a force to open it."

About an hour passed, and it was then two o'clock in the morning when a lively commotion was heard back up near the spring.

"I wonder what's the matter now?" said Yankee Doodle.

"Hanged if I know," said Jack, "but something has happened."

Five minutes later one of the cowboys ran down to the roadside with the news that the girl had made her escape, by springing up and darting into the bushes before any one could stop her.

"Thunder and lightning!" gasped Yankee Doodle. "That's unfortunate; she may carry the news into the city after all, although I don't know whether or not she knows anything of the contents of the letter."

"The letter was sealed," said Moreland.

"Still, for all that," said Yankee Doodle, "she may be aware of its contents."

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said old Pedro, "I will take the road and go on towards the city as far as it is safe to do so, and wait for her. She cannot well enter the city without getting into the road again."

"All right, old man, go ahead and wait for her; but don't bother yourself about anybody coming this way, for we'll look out for them."

With that the old Cuban sprang out into the road, and darted off in a stooping posture in the direction of the city.

"A sharp girl," remarked Yankee Doodle, after the old Cuban was gone, "and so is her dagger," and he held the little weapon up in the moonlight so that the others could see it, each of whom took it and examined it carefully.

The blade was about six inches long by about a half inch in breadth, having a razor-like edge.

"She would have sent this into me to the hilt," remarked Jack, "had you not caught her wrist in time."

"Of course she would," remarked Yankee Doodle, "for she is sharp enough to know that had she succeeded in killing you, we would have done little or nothing to her on account of it. I'd rather fight a dozen men than one woman."

"So would I," said Jack, "for I knew a woman out in Montana once who dispersed a mob of sixty men with a brace of revolvers, any one of whom could have bowled her over with a single shot."

"That's nothing," added another of the party. "I knew a woman out there who went into a saloon after

her husband, and a lot of fellows tried to keep him from going home with her. She yanked a pair of scissors out of the pocket of her dress, and cleaned out the saloon in less than one minute. Even the landlord skipped, leaving the bar to take care of itself. No, I don't want to fight no woman."

"You're right, pard," assented Jack. "A female fighter is the only one I'll run away from."

They sat there by the roadside until the faint light of coming day loomed up in the east.

"The night is over," said Yankee Doodle, "and we may as well have an early breakfast, and send the prisoners to our lines."

Leaving two of the cowboys to guard the road, Yankee Doodle and the rest of them went up to the spring, where he found the prisoners fast asleep and well guarded. He ordered the men to breakfast at once, after which he selected a party of five, among whom was Moreland himself, to take the prisoners to camp. Moreland was to carry to General Shafter the documents that had been captured from the Spanish colonel and the young girl, after which he was to go to Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders, and ask for twenty more cowboys to assist him.

"Tell the colonel," said he, "that we are liable at any time to have a score or more prisoners on our hands, and maybe a hot fight. If he will let you have them, pick out the best men you know and bring them with you."

"All right, pard," said Jack, carefully placing the document in an inner pocket of his blouse.

They then started away with the prisoners, leaving Yankee Doodle with a score of fourteen men to hold the road until they should return.

Soon after they left old Pedro showed up.

"Did you see anything of the girl?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"I think I did, senor, but had no chance to stop her, as she went across the bay in a boat."

"The deuce she did!"

"Si, senor; I saw a girl in a boat by herself, pulling hard for the city, just as it was light enough for me to make her out."

"But are you sure it was her?"

"I'm quite sure of it, senor."

"By George, but she's a plucky girl!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "if it was her the Spaniards will know that we are out here on this road, and will seek to drive us from it."

"Si, senor, but they won't try to do it until dark."

"Why do you think so, Pedro?"

"Because they would not dare send a force out here in the daytime, for fear of its being cut off by the Americanos."

"Well, by that time we'll have reinforcements here. It will be necessary, though, for two or three men to go out farther towards the city as scouts, so that we may get news in time to ambush them if they do send a force after us."

"That's right, senor," assented the old Cuban, "and they had better be sent out right away."

Soon after breakfast old Pedro, accompanied by two of the cowboys advanced up the road towards the city, with the intention of concealing himself at a point where he could watch the road with safety. Yankee Doodle had instructed him to intercept no one coming from the city, but to leave that work for him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AMBUSH—YANKEE DOODLE MOUNTS HIS MEN—

“THE MACHETE IS BETTER THAN THE SWORD!”

SOON after Pedro left, Yankee Doodle heard the roar of big guns down at the entrance at the lower end of the harbor, which told that the fleet was again shelling the fort. The fire gradually increased, until the sound was like great peals of thunder, and it kept up for a couple of hours. Then the artillery all along the American front opened on the Spanish entrenchments, and were answered by the Spanish batteries.

“By George!” said Yankee Doodle, “they’re going to have some fun out there to-day, and I’m sorry that I can have no hand in it. What a lot of chumps those Spaniards are! Nobody but fools would fight against fate, for surely they cannot expect to hold the city very long against us. Every man they lose in defending the city is a life thrown away.”

“That’s so, pard,” assented one of the cowboys; “but if they surrender, every soldier in the city will be lost to Spain during the war.”

“Of course, but a live soldier can be exchanged, when a dead one can’t.”

“Yes; but the officers have made the men believe that if they surrender they’ll all be shot, and the average Spanish soldier is so blamed ignorant they don’t know any better then to believe it.”

They lay there in the woods by the roadside until nearly noon, listening to the artillery fight and wondering why nobody passed along towards or from the city.

Suddenly they were startled at seeing a crowd of old men, women and children, some twenty-five or thirty in number, coming from the city on foot. Some of the women had infants in their arms, whilst children only four, five and six years of age, were toddling along behind them.

“Say, boys,” said Yankee Doodle to those with him, “they are refugees; let them go by without any interruption. Don’t even let them see you.”

The party passed slowly along the road, all looking gaunt and hungry. It was a pitiful sight, and the cowboys were touched to the heart at the unmistakable signs of distress that were so plainly visible. It was a scene that had been witnessed in all ages of the world when cities were besieged by armies, and was one of the inevitable sequences of war.

The party passed on utterly unconscious of the proximity of the Americans and gradually disappeared in a bend of the little road, on the way towards the village of Caimenez.

A few minutes later a half a dozen Spanish cavalrymen came dashing along in the same direction, armed with rifles and sabers.

“They can’t go by, boys,” said Yankee Doodle, “we must stop them,” and with that he sprang out into the middle of the road, followed by the others.

“Halt!” he cried, but the foremost Spaniard put spurs to his horse and undertook to ride over them.

Quick as a flash the cowboys opened fire, and the six cavalrymen tumbled out of their saddles.

“Get ‘em out of the road quickly!” said Yankee Doodle, “and catch the horses.”

The horses were quickly secured, led into the bushes, after which the men were attended to, four of whom were dead and two wounded.

It was a wonder that all were not killed, as the fire was at such close range.

They were quickly removed from the little road, so as to obliterate every vestige of the presence of an armed force.

“Where were you fellows going?” one of the wounded men was asked.

“I don’t know,” was the reply, “the sergeant was sent somewhere with orders.”

“Where is the sergeant?” he was asked.

“He was the man in front.”

“Then he’s dead,” remarked the cowboy.

The bodies of the dead were searched to see if any written orders could be found on them. They had nothing, however, but their arms, and a very scant supply of clothing.

“They were simply soldiers,” remarked Yankee Doodle to one of the cowboys, “and if they had orders to come out here they were merely verbal.”

“I’m glad they came, though,” remarked one of the cowboys, “for we have their half dozen good horses, to say nothing of the rifles and sabers.”

The horses were led down near the water’s edge where they were securely fastened to the bushes, after which the two wounded men were looked after.

One of them died in a couple of hours, while the other was in a bad way with a bullet hole clear through his left shoulder. His wound was bound up by one of the cowboys, who was quite an expert at that sort of business. The victim was evidently very much surprised by the kindness shown him, as it was something quite incomprehensible to him in view of what he had been told about the Americans.

Soon after that affair Bill Hawkins returned, bringing with him a note of thanks from General Shafter, addressed to Yankee Doodle, and the men in his charge, in which he stated that they were doing their full share on the work of reducing the city, and that their efforts were duly appreciated by him.

“Say, pard,” said one of the cowboys, after hearing the note read, “Pocus Bill is white all the way through.”

“You bet he is,” assented the others.

Hawkins then reported that the general was highly pleased at receiving the documents delivered to him, and that he had said they were of very great importance. “Where’s Jack?”

“Didn’t you meet him?” Yankee Doodle asked.

“No; has he gone back to camp?”

"Yes; he is carrying other documents to General Shafter, with five prisoners, one of whom is a Spanish colonel."

"Good!" said Hawkins. "You've been busy."

"You bet we have, but haven't had a wink of sleep."

"Well," remarked Bill, "you can't stand it long without sleep."

"I know that well enough, so I have sent for more men, which Jack will bring back with him. Then we'll take turns at guarding the road."

Soon after Hawkins returned, those cowboys who got some sleep the night before up by the spring, went on duty to give the others a chance to rest. Yankee Doodle and Joe then went down near the water's edge, together with several others, where they made themselves comfortable beds of leaves under the bushes, and were soon fast asleep.

They slept until sunset. When they arose they bathed their hands and faces in the waters of the bay. It was found that Moreland had returned, bringing with him twenty more of the Rough Riders, with a statement from Colonel Wood that if he needed more he could have them.

"I guess that's enough," said Yankee Doodle, "but have any of you heard from Pedro?"

"No one answered, for the old Cuban had not been seen since he returned to his post in the direction of the city.

Night came on, and the little band of daring Rough Riders settled down to quietly await whatever might turn up.

It was perhaps an hour or two after sundown when old Pedro and the two cowboys who had gone out with him, came running back at full speed.

"They're coming, señor!" he called out to Yankee Doodle, even before he saw him.

"Who are coming?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Spanish cavalry!"

"How many?"

"About a hundred, señor."

"Now, men," called out Yankee Doodle to the cowboys, "here's a chance for every man of you to get a horse. Just spread out along the road there now, about five or six feet apart, which is about the length of a horse, and keep concealed in the bushes until you hear the first shot, which I will fire myself when the head of the column reaches me. Then every one of you will have a man in your front; shoot him out of the saddle and seize his horse, but let no man fire until he has heard my shot. They will be so surprised at a volley of forty rifles or revolvers, that they will turn and fly back to the city, thinking they have been ambushed."

The cowboys were prompt to get into position, for every man was extremely anxious for a horse, since his own had been left behind at Tampa.

The sounds of the cavalry approaching were heard even while Yankee Doodle was giving his orders, and just a few minutes later they appeared advancing at a trot.

As before stated, the little road was overshadowed by the dense foliage of the trees, but as a full moon was shining, every horseman was visible to the cowboys concealed in the bushes.

The head of the column passed along the entire length of the ambush until it reached Yankee Doodle. The latter raised his rifle and fired at the man in front, who was not more than ten feet distant from him.

The victim tumbled off his horse without uttering a word or even a groan.

Just a second later forty rifles blazed along the roadside, and as many Spaniards tumbled out of their saddles, every one of whom had actually been scorched by burning powder, so close was the range.

Each cowboy sprang forward to secure the horse of his victim, while the other Spaniards, without firing a shot, wheeled and fled, thinking they had ridden into an ambush.

For a few brief moments they were jammed in the bushes by the side of the little road, but a few pistol shots from the cowboys sufficed to hasten their departure.

Groans were heard all along the roadside where the wounded Spaniards lay, and it was soon ascertained that fifteen out of the forty who had fallen were wounded. The other twenty-five were dead.

"Secure your horses, boys," called out Yankee Doodle, "and then attend to the wounded."

In less than five minutes every man had fastened his captured animal in the bushes, and returned to the road to look after those who had fallen.

"Pedro," said Yankee Doodle to the old Cuban, "take five men with you and go forward again to keep a watch on the enemy. Place them in a position of safety, and then come back here."

The old Cuban selected his men, and went on in the direction taken by the retreating Spaniards.

Yankee Doodle then procured a torch, by the light of which he discovered that the man whom he had shot out of the saddle was a captain of cavalry. The next man to him was dressed as a civilian. He ordered the latter to be searched, and on his person was found a letter from the Spanish commander in Santiago, addressed to General Pandos.

"Very good!" said Yankee Doodle on seeing the letter. "He was a courier whom this cavalry company was ordered to see safely on his way before leaving him. It is all very plain to me now why this force was sent out here, for they evidently thought that only a few scouts were stopping individuals on this road. They will now doubtless have the impression that it is held in force."

He placed the letter in his pocket, and ordered the men to remove the dead and wounded from the road. It was soon done, but a number of the wounded were groaning so piteously they had to be moved back a considerable distance in order that they might not be heard by others passing.

After about an hour Pedro returned, leaving the five cowboys at the front as scouts.

"Pedro," said Yankee Doodle, "what's to be done with the dead here?"

"Drop them in the bay, señor," replied the old man.

"Oh, that won't do. Men are thrown into the water when they die at sea, but these men must be buried underground so their bodies may be found by those who wish to do so."

"Why are you so particular about that, señor," the old Cuban asked.

"Because it is the custom of civilized nations," was the reply.

"We have no shovels or spades, señor," suggested the old man.

"We must get them, or else move away from here, as the heat of a single day will render the position entirely untenable."

"Then you must send back to camp, señor, for shovels and picks, for I know not where else they can be had."

"All right; I'll wait for daylight, then;" and wait he did.

It seems that the disaster to the Spanish cavalry had the effect to put a stop to any more travelers from the city by that route on that night, as not another one was seen by the cowboys coming from that direction.

When morning came it was found that four of the fifteen wounded Spaniards had died of their wounds.

"Say, Jack," said Yankee Doodle, turning to Moreland while they were eating breakfast, "I want about thirty of these men to ride over with me to see General Shafter. I want you to take charge here and hold the road, allowing no one to pass in either direction."

"All right, pard," said Jack; "I'll hold it as long as any of us are alive."

Yankee Doodle then selected thirty of the men to mount their horses and ride into camp with them. They at once proceeded to make ready for the trip. Each one had secured a saber and holster pistol, together with a fine Mauser rifle, which was several inches shorter than those used by the Spanish infantry.

Some of the horses were very poor, while there was really not a fat one amongst them. They seemed, however, to be hardy animals, quite able to do good service.

"They're not handsome," he remarked to the men, "but I think they will be after we have given them a chance for a week or so at green grass."

"Oh, they're all right, pard," called out several of the cowboys.

It turned out that old Pedro had secured the best horse of them all, with a fine saddle and saber. He threw the latter away with a contemptuous gesture, saying as he did so:

"The machete is better than a sword."

"You're right, Pedro," said Yankee Doodle, "but take the sword along with you to give to someone who may need it."

"Si, señor," and the old man picked it up again and remounted his horse to ride forward in advance of the party.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAVALRY FIGHT AT CAIMENEZ.

THE only way to reach the American lines by horseback from the position held by Yankee Doodle was by way of Caimenez, so he resolved to make a dash into the village, which was then what might be called neutral ground, as it was not occupied by the forces of either side. But the majority of the residents of the town were undoubtedly loyal to Spain, although there were many families there whose men were then serving under the Cuban flag.

The people of the village were startled as the band of cowboys came dashing through the streets on their horses. The cowboys were so elated at being again in the saddle they could not resist the temptation to let out a series of whoops, such as they were in the habit of doing on the plains of the wild West. The effect of those whoops was wonderful, for men, women and children disappeared in every direction with the agility of mice in the presence of a cat.

Yankee Doodle laughed heartily at the panic created by the wild whoops of the cowboys, but could allow them to stop there only a few minutes.

He soon had them well in hand again and left by another road for the American lines. When they struck the American pickets they came very near being fired on, on account of their hilarity, and were compelled to wait nearly an hour before they could be passed through.

Once inside the line, though, they gave vent to their joy at finding themselves astride of horses in a series of wild whoops.

"Now, boys," cried Yankee Doodle, "if you do not march in order you cannot return with me, for the general will surely not place me in command of men whom I cannot control. I am no officer, as you know, but I stand to you in that light for the time being, and I want you to let them see that men can be officers without shoulder straps."

"All right, pard," they said, "we'll stand by you to the last," and fell in behind him, marching two abreast along the whole line of the American entrenchments.

When they reached the headquarters of the Rough Riders, Colonel Wood was the most astonished man in the camp, as, when he appeared, Yankee Doodle saluted him with a saber as did all the others.

"Where in thunder and blue blazes did you get those horses?" the colonel asked.

"We just knocked thunder and blue blazes out of their owners and took 'em," replied Yankee Doodle, "and there are fifteen more that you don't see yet."

"Who were their owners?" the colonel asked.

"Spanish cavalrymen."

"Oh, then you didn't pay much for them."

"No, not much, only a cartridge for each horse," and then Yankee Doodle dismounted, shook hands

with Colonels Wood and Roosevelt and told the story of the capture of the horses.

"There are over thirty dead Spaniards there that must be buried, and we haven't a pick or spade anywhere about."

"The deuce you say," said the colonel. "Have you reported that fact to the general?"

"No, but I'm going to do so at once," and a few minutes later he remounted and rode away to the headquarters of General Shafter, accompanied by old Pedro, who acted as his orderly.

He found the general in his saddle, surrounded by his staff, with a field-glass in his hand, gazing at the enemy's line of entrenchments.

"This is for you, general," said he, handing him the letters that had been captured from the girl and the man who had been killed with the cavalryman.

The general, without uttering a word, read the two letters, holding the one that had been torn by the girl together, so that he could make out the lines.

"Where did you get these?" he asked, when he had read them.

Yankee Doodle explained to him in a few words how he came in possession of them.

"Well done, my boy," said the general. "You deserve promotion. So you have mounted your men, have you?"

"Yes, general, and a happier set of men you never saw; I think they would mutiny if their horses were taken away from them."

"How many men were in that cavalry company you met last night?" the general asked.

"I don't know, I saw only part of them, but Pedro here says there were about a hundred."

"What was the object of their move, do you think?"

"I think they were only trying to place a courier or messenger safely beyond danger."

"How many men did you leave behind to look after the roads in your absence?"

"Ten men, sir."

"Is that enough?"

"Yes, general, unless an armed force is sent against them."

"Wait here for orders; I want you to guide a regiment there."

The general then dispatched one of his staff to summon the colonel of the regiment encamped on the hill about a mile to his right. The colonel soon appeared, and Yankee Doodle heard the general say to him:

"Colonel, move your regiment to the extreme flank of the right wing of the line, and take position to defend a line running straight down to the water, so as to entirely shut off all ingress or egress of the enemy. This young man here, who is known in the army as Yankee Doodle, will guide you to the position which he has been holding for thirty-six hours. There are a dozen wounded Spaniards to be cared for, and thirty or so to be buried. You will attend to them, and then entrench yourself so as to make the position impregnable."

The colonel saluted and retired, Yankee Doodle accompanying him.

On the way to his command the colonel questioned Yankee Doodle about the position, and soon learned that it was one that was liable to be attacked by an overwhelming force of the enemy.

"It is their only way of escape," said Yankee Doodle, "unless they manage to cross the bay in some way."

The colonel had his regiment in motion within an hour, and Yankee Doodle, accompanied by his mounted Rough Riders, led the way. He was cheered all along the line.

The sun was blazing hot, and the men fairly sweltered, but they pushed on steadily, and, after a little more than two hours, passed the right wing of the line, made their way down the hill across the main road leading out from the city, and on down towards the water, where they found Jack Moreland and the ten men who had been left to hold the little road in Yankee Doodle's absence.

"Jack, my boy," said Yankee Doodle, "the line is to be extended down to the water's edge, by which the Spanish army will be bottled up by General Shafter, just as their fleet was by Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley."

The whole regiment gave vent to cheers when they understood from his remarks just what the situation was. The colonel of the regiment himself called out to his men that they were the cork that shut out the Spanish army in Santiago from the rest of the world.

The regiment then went into camp along the hill-side, and down by the water. The first thing ordered by the colonel was the burial of the dead Spaniards, after which litters were made on which to convey the wounded to the hospital. When this was done, the officers of the regiment surveyed the ground very carefully for the purpose of selecting a line of defense. When the line was selected, the men were put to work throwing up entrenchments to extend from the top of the hill all the way down to the water's edge.

As Yankee Doodle and his men did not belong to the regiment they were at liberty to go where they pleased. Knowing as he did that the officers of the regiment would exercise supreme control of the line he was assigned to defend, he decided to move back to the village of Caimenez, where he could communicate with the main line of the army by the road leading in that direction.

He was also induced to make that move in view of the fact that his men, being mounted, would be able to do some splendid scout work. As yet the village had not been taken possession of by the American forces, but had been a sort of neutral ground for both sides.

He accordingly ordered his men to mount and follow him. When he dashed into the village he was astonished to find it held by a company of Spanish horse, who at once prepared to dispute possession of it.

"Where in thunder did they come from?" he ex-

claimed. "They certainly did not come from the city."

"I guess they went out before we cut off their egress, pard," said Jack Moreland, "and they are now trying to sneak back."

"There must be about a hundred of them," said Yankee Doodle, as he watched them forming in an open square between them and the village.

"That's about their size, pard," said Jack.

"That's two and a half to our one," said Yankee Doodle; "what do you think of the odds, boys?"

"Hang the odds!" replied half a dozen at once; "let's go at 'em!"

"Do you mean it, boys?" he asked.

"Yes," they replied.

"Well, it's just as you say. It's pretty heavy odds for a square open fight."

"Hang the odds!" they reiterated.

"All right; I'm not afraid of them; but I want to take a vote, so that the responsibility will be placed where it belongs. All of you who are in favor of tackling them hold up your right hands."

Every man's hand went up above his head, while old Pedro held his machete straight up in the air.

At that moment the Spaniards were seen coming towards them on a charge.

"Here they come, boys!" cried Yankee Doodle. "Use your rifles on them until they get within pistol range, and then let 'em have the revolvers. If they succeed in getting up to us, let every man fight in his own way. Now let 'em have it!"

The cowboys sat up straight in their saddles, and took deliberate aim at the charging cavalrymen, who were now some hundred and fifty yards away.

The volley dropped nearly a dozen men, while as many horses were apparently hit, judging from the way they reared and plunged.

"Give 'em another!" yelled Yankee Doodle, and the cowboys, using their magazine rifles, kept on emptying the saddles with appalling coolness until they were within fifty yards of them.

At that instant the enemy seemed to be staggered by the terrific execution of the American fire.

"Now charge, boys," cried Yankee Doodle, "and give 'em the revolvers!"

The cowboys dashed forward with yells that would have shamed a whole tribe of Comanche Indians, each with a revolver in right and left hands, pouring in a murderous fire as he charged. The Spaniards, too, had been firing, and nearly a dozen of the cowboys were hit, four of whom tumbled out of their saddles. Not a wounded man, though, was stopped.

Old Pedro, who had fired steadily till the order to charge was given, then dropped his rifle to the ground and used his machete.

He was the first man to strike a blow in a hand to hand fight, though he was but a moment or two ahead of the cowboys.

How the revolvers popped! They sounded like a dozen packs of firecrackers going all at once. Not a cowboy drew a saber, but kept popping away with

the revolvers even when Spanish sabers were flashing all around them.

It was a species of fighting the Spanish cavalrymen had never seen before. Perhaps in no army in the world is a cavalryman so much at home in the saddle as the American cowboy, and the Spaniards found that out in less than one minute after coming in contact with them. Within five minutes after they became mixed up the Spanish cavalry was nearly annihilated, and the few survivors threw down their sabers and cried for quarter.

"Hold up, men!" cried Yankee Doodle, "they've got enough!" still the fight went on nearly a minute longer, as some of the cowboys had failed to hear the order.

Their comrades, however, soon stopped them, after which a great shout of triumph went up from them.

Out of the hundred Spaniards less than thirty were uninjured, while fully that many were dead, and about forty wounded.

Of the cowboys six were killed and thirteen wounded, making nearly one half of their number who were hit.

"Now, boys," called out Yankee Doodle, "we have more prisoners to take care of than we have uninjured men to guard them. It is but a short ride back to our line, so one of you must go back at once for one or two companies of soldiers to come out and take charge of the prisoners and the wounded."

One of the cowboys put spurs to his horse and dashed away at full speed to the American line scarcely two miles away. The others formed a guard around the prisoners, with the exception of three or four who went to the assistance of the wounded cowboys.

Among the prisoners was a Spanish lieutenant. The captain and another lieutenant had been killed.

"What sort of tactics do the American cavalrymen use?" the Spanish officer asked Yankee Doodle.

"This is not American cavalry," was the reply.

"What in thunder are you then?"

"Simply American soldiers out for a little fun."

"Do you call this fun?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "we enjoyed it very much indeed."

"What is your rank?" the officer asked.

"High private," was the reply.

"Have you no officer?"

"No; not here."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "I can't understand it."

"Oh, you'll get onto it after a while; we have but one rule in the American service, and that is when we see the enemy to go for him. You Spaniards are brave enough, but you don't know how to fight. We numbered but forty while you had about a hundred, and were commanded by trained officers. There was not an officer among us, but every man is a fighter from 'way back. We have but one Cuban with us—that old fellow out there with his machete."

"What do you do with your prisoners?" the officer asked.

"Treat them as prisoners of war according to the rules of civilized nations."

The Spaniards found it extremely hard to believe all that they heard, but it did not take them long to see that they were not to be subjected to any harsh treatment. They were made to dismount and sit down on the ground under the shade of a tree to await the arrival of the American soldiers who had been sent for.

In the meantime the cavalry horses that were not injured were being corralled by the cowboys. It was found that about sixty of them were unhurt, whilst more than a score were so badly injured it became necessary for them to be shot, in order to relieve them of their terrible suffering.

About three hours after the fight, three companies of American soldiers, under the command of a major, appeared upon the scene, and were received with cheers from the handful of cowboys.

When the major viewed the scene of battle he was simply dumfounded.

"What in thunder did you fight such a force for?" he asked of Yankee Doodle.

"We fought 'em to lick 'em," was the reply, "and we did. Not a man of them got away. What would you have done, major?"

The major didn't answer the question, but at once ordered his men to proceed with the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded, at the same time gathering up the arms and horses that had been captured.

"Those horses belong to us, major," said Yankee Doodle.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "Everything captured on the battlefield belongs to Uncle Sam."

"Yes; I know that, and we want to use them in Uncle Sam's service."

"All right; they may be assigned to you, but I will turn them over to the general who will dispose of them as he sees fit."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOONLIGHT CAPTURE ON THE BEACH—THE SPANISH GIRL SPY AGAIN.

THE news of Yankee Doodle's fight at the village of Caimenez quickly reached the army, for the cowboy who went after the troops had told the story, and it went along the line all the way down to the sea. When it reached Colonel Wood's regiment of Rough Riders they made the welkin ring with their cheers, notwithstanding the news that forty-five per cent. of the party had been killed or wounded.

Colonel Wood shook his head sadly with the remark:

"It must have been a terrific fight to sustain such a loss as that. That boy doesn't seem to know what danger is. I'm going to ride over there and see them."

From where the Rough Riders were encamped it was about four miles to the village. The colonel set out at once, accompanied by his orderly, arriving on the battle-field a little after night set in.

He found the wounded cowboys in an old church, where Yankee Doodle and his comrades were attending them.

"Here comes the colonel, boys!" cried one of the wounded men, as the officer entered, and not one was so badly hurt but what he gave him a cheer, while Yankee Doodle straightened up as he appeared and gave the salute, which the colonel not only returned, but removed his hat, making a profound bow to the drummer boy, and then to the wounded men around him.

"Boys,!" he exclaimed, "you are heroes, every one of you, and I'm proud of you for sustaining the reputation of the regiment. I shall make special mention of the name of every man engaged in to-day's fight, commanding you to the consideration of the president himself."

The boys cheered him again, and he remarked he was sorry it had not been his good fortune to be with them. "For," added he, "you have demonstrated that one American soldier is the equal of two and a half Spaniards."

"Oh, thunder!" cried one of the wounded men; "drop that half, colonel, and say three."

"All right, my boy," laughed the colonel; "I'll make it five if you say so."

"Well, that wouldn't be too many," called out a half dozen or more.

The colonel went around and shook hands with every cowboy in the old church, which completely won their hearts, for he was one of those officers who never stood back on the dignity of his position.

During the evening he learned some of the particulars of the fight, and was amused at Yankee Doodle's act of taking a vote of the men just before the fight opened.

"Well, you see, colonel," explained Yankee Doodle, "I had no right to order them into the fight, so I thought it best to leave it with them, and it was the most unanimous election you ever saw. There was no ballot-box stuffing in it; but we did stuff the enemy full of bullets as they came at us. The field was won by hard fighting without regard to any Board of Strategy."

The colonel roared with laughter, in which he was joined by all the others.

"Now, colonel," said Yankee Doodle, "we captured about sixty sound horses, which we want the Rough Riders to have, but the major told me he would have to turn them over to the general for him to dispose of."

"That's right," said the colonel.

"Of course," assented Yankee Doodle, "but we want you to ask the general for them."

"I can't do it, my boy; horses are needed for artillery and ambulances. They are very scarce with us at present."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "we

are liable to lose the horses that we are riding ourselves, then!"

"Yes," assented the colonel.

"That's tough," observed Yankee Doodle.

"You may think so," remarked the colonel, "but the general has to consider the entire service, you understand."

"Well, I'm going to keep out of his way and stop around the flank here until he calls us in."

"Don't fail to make your report, though," suggested the colonel.

"Hello!" said Yankee Doodle. "Hanged if I haven't forgotten about that!"

"Oh, it'll be time enough in the morning," remarked the colonel.

"All right, then," said Yankee Doodle, "I won't be in a hurry about it. I did forget it."

The colonel remained about an hour, and then left after seeing that the wounded were properly cared for.

Early the next morning Yankee Doodle and the cowboys proceeded to put up headstones over the graves of the six Rough Riders who had fallen in the fight, and mark thereon the name of each one. That done, he wrote out a report of the fight and sent it by one of the men to General Shafter.

He stated in the report that he intended to watch the upper end of the bay on the west side to prevent communications from reaching the enemy by boat at night.

When the messenger returned he stated to Yankee Doodle that the general had said to him that he was right in watching the west side of the bay, and hoped that he would be vigilant in preventing communications with the city.

"What did he say about the fight?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"He said it was magnificent," replied the messenger, "and that the moral effect would be felt by the entire army."

"All right, I hope it will. I'm sorry, though, that he doesn't let us have more men, as we now have but twenty-three all told fit for service, but we must do the best we can with that number."

In less than an hour after the return of the messenger they were in the saddle again and on their way down the bay in the direction of the little inlet where once stood a little village of fishermen's families of about a dozen huts. The huts had been destroyed by the enemy, but a few boats were found concealed in the thickets, which were evidently used for communication with the city by the enemy.

On reaching the inlet they dismounted, secured their horses in the woods, and proceeded to establish a little camp far enough back to avoid being seen from the water, or the little path that ran along the shore of the inlet.

From a hilltop, about an eighth of a mile from the camp, a fine view of the city could be had on the other side of the bay.

"We've got to guard the shore along here, boys,"

said Yankee Doodle, "and the chances are that we will have our hands full to-night."

The day passed without a single incident occurring to attract attention, and so, with the exception of four men on guard, the party slept the greater part of the afternoon, thus putting them in prime shape for night service.

All the afternoon a flag of truce was seen flying along the Spanish lines, showing that negotiations were going on between the commanders of the two armies. Of course Yankee Doodle and his men knew nothing about the purpose of the negotiations.

"It may mean surrender, boys," he said, "but I've been in Cuba long enough to find out that the Spaniard is about the trickiest man on earth, so I will bet my hat, that at this very moment, they are flying that flag of truce more for the purpose of strengthening their position than for anything else."

"It won't do them any good, though," remarked Jack Moreland.

"Perhaps not, but it'll do us some harm, for it will cost us more lives to capture the position they are strengthening under that flag of truce."

When night came on Yankee Doodle distributed his men in the bushes back of the beach for a distance of a quarter of a mile, to watch everything coming from the direction of the city over the bay. The full moon was shining so brightly that objects on the water could be seen several hundred yards away.

Occasionally a dark cloud would obscure the moonlight, but that only served to increase the vigilance of the cowboys.

It was near midnight when a single boat was seen coming from across the bay. When it grated upon the beach near the entrance to the little inlet, Yankee Doodle, Joe, Moreland and old Pedro were concealed in a clump of bushes about fifty feet back from the water's edge.

There were three persons in the boat, two men and one woman.

"Great snakes, pard," whispered Moreland, "it's the plucky little Spanish girl!"

"Keep quiet," whispered Yankee Doodle, as he saw the two men drag the boat high up on the sand and then turn to accompany the girl towards the little path along the inlet up towards the spot where once stood the fishermen's huts.

They had gone perhaps ten or fifteen paces when Yankee Doodle and his three companions darted out of the bushes and leveled their rifles at them, at the same time calling a halt.

The girl uttered a little scream, more of surprise than of fear. Her two companions, however, seemed to be almost paralyzed with astonishment.

"Do you surrender?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, señor," replied one of the men.

"Stand still then till you are disarmed," Yankee Doodle ordered, and Jack Moreland stepped forward and relieved each one of a revolver, after which he looked at the young girl, who was silently watching him, and asked :

"Have you another dagger, senorita?"

"No, senor," she answered, "I cannot afford to supply you Americanos with daggers."

"Maybe you have a cannon then, or a Mauser rifle," said Jack.

"I am not armed at all, Senor Americano; you should be ashamed to interfere thus with a woman."

"Women should not engage in war, senorita," he returned. "Two nights ago you were going to the city to bring your mother out, but instead you have brought two men."

"Oh," she retorted, "you Americanos behaved so badly I was afraid to bring my mother, but brought instead two gentlemen to protect me. It seems, though, that it was of no use."

"None whatever, senorita," said Yankee Doodle, speaking for the first time. "We must search your escorts to see if they have anything contraband of war, and then we must take care of you until the war ends, as I think you are more dangerous to our side than any officer in the Spanish army."

"You have no right to detain this lady, sir," protested one of the prisoners, in a very haughty tone of voice.

"Is that your decision?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"It is simply my opinion, sir," returned the Spaniard.

"Permit me to assure you, senor, that Spanish opinions have no weight with us at present. This woman is a spy, and will not be permitted to serve Spain in that capacity any more. As for you two you will be treated as prisoners of war, unless circumstances forbid it."

"What are the circumstances that will alter our status, Senor Americano?"

"That is for the general to decide," was the reply, and then Moreland proceeded to search the two men there on the sand in the clear moonlight.

Nothing was found on them of a suspicious nature, and they were placed under guard and marched away into the bushes.

"As for you, senorita," said Yankee Doodle, "you must go at once to Caimenez, and be placed in charge of one of your sex. I will send two men with you, each of whom will hold a hand of yours all the way there, in order to prevent you from destroying any papers you may have on your person, or using a weapon."

"I have neither weapons nor papers, senor," she protested.

"Pardon me, senorita, if I say I can place no trust in you since you abused our confidence so badly at our former meeting. We will not subject you to the indignity of a search except by one of your own women."

"I declare to you, senor, that I have no communications of any kind about me, or any weapon."

"It's no use, senorita," said he, shaking his head; "you must go to Caimenez with a guard on each side holding your hand. Joe, take her right hand, and Jack, hold her left; under no circumstances release your grip until she is placed in charge of a woman

whom Pedro will select for the purpose. He will go along with you as a guide and a guard. Whatever is found upon her in the way of a communication, take charge of it, Jack, and send word to me by Pedro what it is. If the major is still there with the troops, turn her over to him as a prisoner whom it is necessary to well guard."

Joe and Jack took the girl by the hand, who made no resistance, and started off with her, with Pedro in advance.

After they were gone, Yankee Doodle summoned three more men from the camp to take the place of those who had returned to the village with the prisoner, with whom he resumed the watch on the beach.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW YANKEE DOODLE SAVED THE RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY.

It was some time after midnight before any one else appeared on the beach and they were two men, one evidently a man who had traveled a long distance on horseback, for he was booted and spurred.

The other seemed to be a Cuban who was acting as a guide.

They passed pretty close to the bushes where Yankee Doodle and his comrades were concealed.

"Ah!" said the Spaniard, "there is a boat here very handy."

"Si, senor," said the guide, "it is best that you row across yourself."

"Why, how is that?" the other asked, as if something surprised at the Cuban's words.

"I have fulfilled my contract, senor," replied the Cuban, "for I have guided you to within sight of the city and here it ends. I might row you across in safety, but it might not be so safe for me to return."

"Why not as safe returning as going?"

"Because I can be seen returning, and would be intercepted by the Americanos. They are all friends at the other side of the bay, and all enemies on this side."

"Tut, tut," said the other, "I will give you ten pesos to row me over, as I am not familiar with handling oars."

"No, senor, I would not go for one hundred pesos."

"You are foolish," said the other. "The fate of Cuba hangs in the balance, and unless I can reach the Spanish general to-night the city is doomed. Your loyalty to Spain should urge you to assume some risk as a patriot."

"I am loyal to Spain," asserted the Cuban, "and fought for her ten years ago with the volunteers, yet Spain has done nothing for me or mine. My loyalty is such that forbids me to die in defense of Spanish rule in Cuba."

"You are a coward!" hissed the Spaniard.

"No, senor, I'm no coward. I have faithfully performed what I agreed to do in guiding you to this place, and you have no right to have me go any farther."

"You are a coward and a traitor," hissed the Span-

iard, drawing a revolver and firing at him almost direct in his face.

The Cuban staggered backwards, while the bullet struck the sand in front of the bushes where Yankee Doodle and his companions were secreted, throwing a handful of it almost in their faces.

"Maledictions!" hissed the Cuban, rushing upon the Spaniard with his machete.

Another shot was fired, after which the Spaniard went down on the white sand within a few feet of the little boat. The Cuban's machete had been too much for him.

"Maledictions!" again exclaimed the Cuban, dealing the prostrate body another savage blow. "Ten thousand maledictions!"

He was then seen to stoop over and search the body of his victim. He rifled every pocket and removed from around the waist a heavy leather belt. When he had finished rifling the body, he started away on a brisk walk along the path leading up the right shore of the inlet.

It was then that Yankee Doodle stepped out and ordered him to halt. Instead of doing so, he sprang forward with his machete upraised.

Quick as a flash one of the cowboys sent a bullet through his head from his revolver.

"That's the end of him," said Yankee Doodle.

"Yes," assented the cowboy; "but he came near making an end of you."

"I don't think he could have reached me."

"I don't know; he was as quick as lightning."

"Yes, so he was, but I was on my guard," and with that Yankee Doodle proceeded to possess himself of the contents in the pockets of the dead Cuban's blouse. He also took possession of the belt, which was very heavy.

"We'll have to cast these bodies into the water," said he to the cowboys, "as we are under no obligations to give them Christian burial, and we haven't the facilities if we were."

The two bodies were soon disposed of and the watch resumed. Another hour passed without anything of interest occurring, until old Pedro put in his appearance.

"Hello!" said Yankee Doodle; "what did you do with the girl?"

"Left her well guarded, senor, in a house in the village."

"Did you have her searched?"

"Si, senor, by two women, but nothing was found."

"She told the truth then when she said she had nothing on her?"

"Si, senor, she had no weapon but her tongue—and that is sharper than my machete."

Yankee Doodle then explained to the old Cuban what occurred out on the beach since he went away, saying:

"I have been waiting for your return to read the documents taken from the Cuban who killed the Spaniard."

He then struck a match and held it while Pedro ex-

amined the paper. The old Cuban could make nothing of it as it was written in cipher.

"I guess nobody else can make it out," remarked Yankee Doodle. "It must be of great importance, though, else it would not have been sent in cipher."

They examined another paper and found it written in Spanish, the purport of which conveyed the impression to Yankee Doodle's mind that an attack was to be made upon the rear of the right wing of the American army at sunrise.

"Great Scott!" he gasped, "this must go to the general at once, and as quick as possible," and with that he sprang out and signaled to the other men to join him at once.

They soon did so, and he detailed ten of them to keep up the watch on the beach whilst the others rode with him with all speed towards the village of Caimenez.

They mounted and rode away, with Pedro in advance as a guide in the darkness of the night.

They found the major in command of the two companies of American infantry still in camp in the village. Yankee Doodle called him up and warned him that he was in danger of being cut off by a body of the enemy in the rear.

"How do you know that?" the major asked.

Yankee Doodle handed him the letter to read, but he couldn't read a word of Spanish, so he had to explain to him its contents.

"I dare not leave my post," said the major, "without orders from my superior officer, unless in face of the enemy. But I will send out scouts several miles so as to watch out for them."

Yankee Doodle then remounted and dashed away for the right wing of the army. When he was halted by the picket he told them who he was and that it was of vital importance for him to see the general at once.

The officers of the guard immediately conducted him to the headquarters of the colonel commanding the extreme right of the line.

He explained to him the nature of the news he had learned, saying at the same time:

"I will leave it to you, colonel, to carry the news to the commander of the brigade, while I hasten on to see General Wheeler and General Shafter."

"All right," said the Colonel. "Go ahead."

Half an hour later Yankee Doodle was with General Shafter, to whom he handed the letter that the Cuban guide had taken from the body of the dead Spaniard. The general read the letter while lying on his cot. By the time he had finished it he was on his feet, and a few minutes later his orderly and officers of his staff were carrying orders in various directions.

After he had ceased issuing orders, he proceeded to dress.

"You have rendered a great service to your country this morning, my boy," said he, "for had this letter fallen into the hands of General Linares, or Toral, it would have put quite a change on the face of mat-

ters. As it is, neither of them know anything about it. But the force in the rear of the right wing may fall victims to your vigilance. If you have time to do so, go out in that direction and keep up a strict watch for their advance."

Jack hurried back to his little command, and rode away about as fast as he had come. As they passed the camp of the Rough Riders, they found the entire force under arms awaiting orders.

Colonel Wood himself was in utter ignorance of what the trouble was. Yankee Doodle stopped and explained it to him, saying that a Spanish force was expected to strike the right wing of the army in the rear.

While he was talking with the colonel the order came from headquarters for the Rough Riders to move at once to the extreme right wing of the line, and there await further orders unless attacked by the enemy.

Colonel Wood at once put his men in motion, Yankee Doodle riding with him all the way as guide. When they reached their destination orders came for them to push out a couple of miles or so, as skirmishers against the advance of the enemy.

Yankee Doodle kept with the colonel, and when the line had advanced a couple of miles, daylight came and found some of Garcia's command of Cubans exchanging shots with a party of Spanish scouts.

The colonel immediately deployed his Rough Riders in line of battle, in which position they remained until noon.

By that time it was ascertained that a considerable body of Spanish soldiers, estimated at about four thousand men, had precipitately retreated, and were being followed and harassed by Garcia's Cubans.

"I can understand it now," said Colonel Wood to Yankee Doodle; "they expected to catch us napping, but finding us prepared for them they retreated."

It turned out to be true. Of course, General Shafter could not divide his force in order to pursue them, so he left that part to Garcia and the insurgents under his command.

The Rough Riders then returned to their former position, Yankee Doodle returning with them.

Later in the day General Wheeler congratulated Yankee Doodle on his exploit, telling him that he had undoubtedly saved the army from a surprise and completely upset the plans of the enemy.

"Good for me, general," he laughed, "I believe I'll hire a man to pat me on the back."

"Any man in the army will do that without hire," laughed the general. "I'm an old soldier, and know a good soldier when I see him; the young men of this army, many of them hardly out of their teens, are the best soldiers the world ever saw. I'll give you a little bit of information. We're going to open on the enemy all along the line to-morrow morning at sunrise, so you can indulge in all the fun you like."

"Thank you, general; I shall try to have a hand in it."

That night every place in the line was filled by men

who were to clash with the enemy at dawn. Yankee Doodle again took up his quarters with the Rough Riders, with Moreland and Hawkins, Joe and old Pedro. They slept near the intrenchment at a place where they could see almost the entire length of the Spanish defenses.

Just as the sun was gilding the tops of the trees on the high hills around the city, every battery of the army opened fire on the Spanish intrenchments.

Half an hour later the great guns of the fleet began sending their eleven hundred pound shells high over the hills into the doomed city. Some of them burst in the lower part of the town, creating consternation as they exploded. Some of them fell into the bay. Several large buildings were literally torn to pieces and still the Spanish batteries pluckily returned the fire all along the line. Hour after hour the great guns boomed, while the infantry quietly awaited for the order to come that would hurl them against the Spanish intrenchments.

"This is a pretty good show to look at," said Yankee Doodle to Joe, "but we are not in it."

"No," was the reply, "but an order may come that will put us in it any moment."

Just then a charge from the famous dynamite gun, handled by Alsop Borrowe, struck the Spanish intrenchments squarely in front, and tore up at least thirty feet of it, making a hole big enough to tumble a good sized house into.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle, "I'll bet that killed fifty men! I'm going to go over there and see Borrowe handle that gun," and he started off, followed by Joe and the other three.

As they neared the famous gun, they were ordered away by an officer, who told them that no man, except those engaged in working the gun, was permitted to be within a hundred feet of it.

"The danger is too great," he added.

"All right," said Yankee Doodle, returning back to his former place. "This is simply a bombardment by the big guns; the little guns must wait until their time comes."

CHAPTER X.

THE FLAG OF TRUCE—IN THE RAIN—WAITING IN THE TRENCHES.

NOON came and passed and still the terrific artillery duel went on. Then orders came for the men along the line to get ready their nippers to cut the barbed wire fences down in front of the Spanish intrenchments.

"Ah! Now we'll get at 'em!" cried the men who had been waiting so eagerly for the order to charge.

The order soon came, and the line advanced from the center out towards the right, while the batteries fired shrapnel so fast as to utterly demoralize the enemy.

A rolling fire from the American riflemen rendered it impossible for a Spaniard to show his head above the intrenchment without getting a bullet through him.

When the line of Rough Riders was within fifty

yards of the Spanish intrenchments old Pedro became perfectly frantic in his eagerness to be the first to mount the breastworks. Yankee Doodle saw that he was about to dash forward, and, knowing that he would be killed unless the whole line advanced with him, sprang to his side, yelling :

“Come on boys, and the city is ours !”

With a wild whoop the entire force of Rough Riders broke away from their officers, and went over the breastworks almost like water flowing over a mill dam.

The astounded Spaniards in the trenches were overpowered and slain almost to a man.

Yankee Doodle found a Spanish drummer lying dead with his drum still hanging to his neck. Quick as a flash he possessed himself of it and slung it over his own neck, crying out :

“Get your fife, Joe ! Get your fife !”

Joe whipped out his fife like a flash, and the next moment the fife and drum were roaring out the stirring air of Yankee Doodle, setting the men perfectly wild. He started down the line towards the left to lead the fierce Rough Riders on top of the Spaniards, who were fighting desperately to hold that part of the line.

Only the Rough Riders had succeeded in getting over the intrenchments, but on the right and left of them the enemy continued to hold stubbornly to their position.

Colonel Wood, fearing that his men would be cut off by the enemy, rushed up to Yankee Doodle, seized him by the collar, yelling at him :

“Halt where you are !”

“All right, colonel,” he replied, but kept on beating his drum with an energy that threatened its destruction.

Reinforcements were hurried to the enemy to cover the break that had been made in their lines.

American regiments were also being hurried forward to sustain the Rough Riders in their efforts to hold the position gained.

Suddenly the enemy ceased firing, and began maneuvering so as to enfilade the Rough Riders, from a number of stone houses into which they were fast crowding.

A general officer dashed in among the cowboys and ordered them to get back over the breastworks, not with a view of giving up the position, but to hold it. The Rough Riders were reluctant to obey the order. They wanted to dash forward and mix with the enemy at close quarters.

“Men !” sung out Colonel Wood, standing on top of the breastworks so they all could see him, “the enemy will be under cover in those stone houses, and can mow us down with their Mausers. Get back behind these breastworks and you’ll be under cover yourselves. Then our artillery will knock those houses to pieces.”

The Rough Riders thus understood the situation, and went back over the earthworks as readily as they had come over it in the charge.

It was at that moment that General Shafter order-

ed the firing to cease, whilst he sent in a flag of truce demanding the surrender of the city. The flag was met by a Spanish officer under a similar one, whilst the two lines of warriors lay panting, ready and eager to grapple again at a moment’s notice.

The trenches were filled with dead and wounded Spaniards, whilst many hundred Americans lay dead and dying all along the front of the intrenchments.

“Blast the flag of truce !” sung out old Pedro, fiercely waving his machete above his head. “Why did they stop us ? We could have put every one of them to the sword !”

“Shut up there !” ordered an officer of the Rough Riders. “The first duty of a soldier is to obey orders.”

The old Cuban turned and sullenly sat down on the ground, pulling up a tuft of grass with which he wiped the blood from his machete.

“Keep cool, *amigo*,” said Yankee Doodle, “there are others engaged in this fight besides you and I ; we will get at them again, for they can’t get away from us.”

The fierce old Cuban made no reply, but the grim lines of his face told plainly how eager he was to again get at the enemy.

Hour after hour passed while the Spanish general was holding a council of war with his officers to discuss the conditions of surrender.

When their reply came it was in the nature of a request for time to communicate with Madrid and Havana. That meant a cessation of hostilities until the next day, and a truce was granted by the American general lasting until noon, in the hope that the result would end in the surrender of the city, thus saving the lives of probably several thousand brave American soldiers.

It was extremely disappointing to the men in the line, as everyone of whom fairly believed that the city could have been captured within a couple of hours more of hard fighting.

The conditions of the truce were that the position of the two armies should remain as they were when the firing ceased. Night came on, and the Americans slept on their arms, with a determination to hold every inch of ground they had gained.

Rations were brought to them from the rear, and the men laid down to sleep, many of them with a dead comrade by his side.

When morning came, it was seen that the Spaniards had stealthily thrown up a new line of earthworks to offset the gap that had been made in their intrenchments by the Rough Riders. When that act of treachery was discovered at sunrise, it was all that the officers could do to restrain the men from rushing forward and mixing with the enemy in a hand-to-hand contest again.

General Shafter sent in a flag of truce by an officer, who told the enemy that if work did not immediately cease on the intrenchments they would open fire at once, without waiting for the expiration of the truce agreed upon.

They stopped work, but the mischief had been done. All the forenoon the American soldiers gnashed their teeth in rage, vowing that when they began the fight again they would teach the enemy a lesson they would never forget.

When noon came every man was eager and ready for the fray; but an officer came riding along the line to tell them that the truce had been extended to four o'clock, in order to allow the enemy time to hear from Madrid.

"Lord!" exclaimed hundreds of the Rough Riders, "the general is too easy with them. What do we care if a few more men are killed and wounded? We will sweep the scoundrels from the face of the earth."

Four o'clock came, and with it a great downpour of rain, such as the Americans had never before experienced in Cuba.

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; "the clouds overhead have either busted or overflowed, and we've got to climb a tree or be drowned!"

The more it rained the madder the men became.

"Say, boys," said Yankee Doodle, "let's strip an' have a swim!"

"That's not necessary," said Joe. "We couldn't get any wetter'n we are if we undressed, an' if we pulled off our clothes they'd be washed away."

It turned out that General Toral, in command of the Spanish army, had offered to evacuate the city, leaving everything as it was, if he were permitted to march out with his army with their arms, and given a start of twenty miles.

Shafter demanded an unconditional surrender, which Toral promptly refused.

Again it was so near night that the renewal of the fight was postponed until the next morning, with the exception of the batteries, which were to throw shells into the city during the night to prevent the enemy from getting any sleep. How it was possible to keep the enemy from getting any sleep without disturbing the slumbers of our own side, was not explained to the American soldiers or any one else.

All through the afternoon and night the dead and wounded Americans were being gathered up, the latter being taken to the field hospitals and the former to places where they would not be further mutilated by shot and shell before they could be properly buried.

Early the next morning, while rations were being distributed to the men along the line, the American batteries again opened fire. The enemy did not reply so vigorously as on the day before, and some batteries made no reply at all. Yet the enemy remained in their trenches, doing their utmost to dodge the shells as they fell and exploded in their vicinity.

They were seen watching the fire of the American batteries, and as the smoke belched forth from the guns, they would fall flat on their faces in the trenches, where they remained until the shell exploded. Then their dirty straw hats, a moment or two later, would bob up behind the intrenchments again.

It was aggravating to the Americans, who could

have picked off hundreds of them with their rifles, but they were not permitted to fire without orders.

While the bombardment was going on, Yankee Doodle was engaged in exposing the two heads of the drum which he had captured to the hot, blazing tropical sun, in the hope that he could get them thoroughly dried in time to head the charge with it when orders came.

He had made up his mind that when the line was ordered to advance he would beat the charge and lead the Rough Riders pell mell over the intrenchments of the enemy.

"Joe, old man," he said to his fifer, "you know how it was at Calavario. We led the whole left wing of the army with the fife and drum, and were right into the very thickest of it up to our chins. We'll do it again if we have the chance."

"All right," said Joe, "I've got breath enough in me yet to fife a charge clear through the Spanish army, but if a bullet should hit me in the belly, I fear my wind would give out."

"Oh, thunder!" laughed Yankee Doodle, "get a cork or two to stop up the bullet hole and keep your wind."

"All right, write out a requisition on the commissary for corks."

There was a grim smile on the face of old Pedro as he heard the two boys.

"Senor," said he, "when you beat that charge I will be right by your side with my machete, and see that no Spaniard gets to you," adding:

"Beat it with all your might, and if another flag of truce tries to stop us, keep on beating it, and we'll capture the city."

"Come now, *amigo*," said Yankee Doodle, "you must not counsel disobedience of orders."

"No, senor, but you must beat the drum so loud that orders to stop cannot be heard, and as long as you keep beating the charge the Americanos will advance and fight. *Caramba!* But it will be a glorious fight! I would rather see the city taken by assault, even if it cost the lives of a thousand men, than to stand quietly by and see the enemy lay down their arms without striking a blow."

"Pedro, old man," said Yankee Doodle, "if I had a thousand men like you I believe I could capture the city inside of an hour. Do you think there are a thousand men like you in Cuba?"

"Si, senor, there are ten thousand of them."

"Well, if you can find them and can get them to form a regiment for me, I will make you second in command, and we will fight independently on our own hook. Then nobody can stop us when we sail in."

"*Sancti Marie*, senor," exclaimed the old Cuban, "what a fight it would be! If I knew where I could find the men I would try to do so. It would take so long that the war would be over before we could get ready to fight."

"Yes, I think so too, *amigo*, so we must be patient, obey orders like good soldiers, and fight whenever we get a chance," and with that Yankee Doodle tapped

on his drum head with one hand and found it thoroughly dry.

Then he turned the other end of the drum to the sun and watched and waited for that to dry also.

While they were sitting there on the ground they were joined by another Cuban with a huge machete hanging to his side, wearing a blood-stained bandage around his head.

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe; "it's Miguel."

"Si, señor," laughed the grim old warrior, "I'm alive yet and have been hunting two days for you."

"Anything up?" Yankee Doodle asked, as he shook his hand.

"No, señor, but I wanted to find you and fight by your side in the streets of Santiago."

"All right," said Yankee Doodle; "glad to have you. Where did you get that wound?"

"I got it two days ago, señor, on the skirmish line. It isn't much of a wound, but it is very painful."

"When did you see señora and señorita last?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Two days ago," he replied.

"Are they yet in Caimenez?"

"Si, señor; and they were eye witnesses of your fight with the Spanish cavalry over there."

"The deuce they were!"

"Si, señor; they were on the roof of the house, and kept their eyes on you all through the fight. They tried to see you when the fight was over, but their relatives in the house would not permit them to go outside, so terribly frightened were they."

"I'm sorry I didn't see them," said Yankee Doodle. "I hope they are well."

"They are well, señor, considering how little they have to eat. They say that the six pesos you sent them actually saved their lives."

"Good! Glad to hear that. How long will the pesos last?"

"A week or two longer, señor."

"Well, if I survive the next battle they can have more, for they saved my life, and I'm not the boy to forget a thing like that. If you'll stick to me, old man, you may have a chance to pick up some Spanish gold, just as Pedro here has. He's got enough buried in different places in Cuban soil, to buy him a nice farm when Cuba is free."

There was a smile on grim old Pedro's face as he listened to Yankee Doodle, but not a word escaped his lips.

"Say, old man," said Yankee Doodle, punching him in the ribs with the drum-stick, "when you buy your farm and build your house you must take a wife, and I'll come and dance at your wedding."

"Caramba!" exclaimed the old warrior, "I'll hold you to that promise, señor."

"Count me in, too," said Joe; "and I'll fife for the dancers."

"Si, señor, it is not the fife, but the flute that is heard at a wedding."

"All right; I'm as good on the flute as on the fife."

Just then they were joined by Moreland and Bill Hawkins, both of whom shook hands with Miguel, whom they remembered the night they were chasing the Spanish spy along the road leading from Caimenez to the city.

They sat down together and the little group exchanged stories of adventures during the stirring scenes going on around the doomed city of Santiago de Cuba.

CHAPTER XI.

YANKEE DOODLE ON THE RIGHT WING OF THE ARMY AGAIN.

NIGHT came on, and again the army slept on their arms ready to spring at the enemy on a moment's notice. The day had been hot, the tropical sun beating fiercely upon the men in the trenches, knocking out many a poor fellow who had hitherto been utterly fearless of Mauser bullets. But as a compensation for their sufferings during the day the nights were cool, an invigorating breeze sweeping over the hills from the Caribbean Sea. But for mosquitoes, and a thousand other kinds of insects, who seemed to think that man was made to be eaten, they would have been extremely comfortable. Such, however, was the intensity of patriotic determination to thrash the Spaniards, the men could give but little thought to anything else.

When morning came the men hurriedly devoured their rations, and braced up for battle whilst waiting for the orders to pitch in.

The sun rose and began dispensing heat with an appalling liberality, while the men wondered if they were again to spend another day dickering with the Spaniards instead of fighting them. Murmurs of discontent were heard all along the line, particularly in the regiments that had suffered most in the fighting up to date, as they wanted to go in and avenge their dead and wounded comrades.

"Lord, colonel, let us go in!" the Rough Riders sung out to Colonel Wood, during the first hours of waiting.

"I wish we could, my men," returned the colonel, "but the flag of truce is up and negotiations are going on still. The first duty of a soldier, as you know, is to obey orders, and the order is for us to wait and hold our position until further orders."

The sun rose higher and higher, growing hotter all the time. By and by news came that there was a hitch, and that General Shafter had threatened to renew the fight by noon if Toral did not come to terms.

Colonel Wood, being an officer who desired to retain the good will of his men, promptly gave them the news as fast as he received it. When he told them of Shafter's threat they cheered him.

"Boys," sung out Bill Hawkins to his comrades, "the sun is pretty hot, but if we get at the dagoes again, we'll make 'em think that the very earth is on fire."

"You bet we will, pard," responded fully a hundred of the Rough Riders.

Old Pedro sought the shade of a tree, where he laid down and slept, knowing that he would be awakened by the first sound of the resumption of hostilities.

"Look at the old man, Joe," said Yankee Doodle to Joe Bailey. "He is sleeping with child-like innocence, notwithstanding the fact that he slept all through the night like a top."

"Yes," replied Joe; "he can go to sleep any hour of the day or night that he wishes to, and is the only man I ever saw who could, except an old peddler whom I knew in New York."

"Oh, that's nothing!" said Jack Moreland; "I know a fellow in Arizona who can go to sleep in any hour in the twenty-four, wound up for so many hours or minutes, and was never known to oversleep himself. If the ground is too wet for him to lie on, he can lean up against a tree, with both feet planted on the ground, about two feet apart, and sleep just as well as if lying on a bed."

"Oh, come off now!" laughed Yankee Doodle.

"I won't do it!" said Jack. "It's as true as gospel."

"Can he sleep standing on his head?" Joe Bailey asked.

"I reckon not, pard, as that would be turning things upside down."

"Well, isn't a man upside down when he stands up to sleep?" Joe asked.

"No; that's a man's natural position."

"Not when he's asleep it isn't!" insisted Joe.

"Say, pard," said Jack, "maybe you don't believe it?"

For reply Joe merely laughed, in which he was joined by Yankee Doodle and several others who were grouped about him.

Jack was about to make a remark, when the boom of one of the great guns of the fleet was heard. Instantly every eye was turned in that direction, but the high hills prevented them from seeing a single ship of the fleet.

"That's a signal to resume the fight," said some of the men, and they looked inquiringly at Colonel Wood.

"What does it mean, colonel?" scores of them called out.

The colonel shook his head as he paced to and fro, puffing at a cigar.

Suddenly two more guns boomed, and the soldiers all along the line quickly braced up, thinking that the order would soon come for them to go in. They were all doomed to disappointment, however, as the gun had been fired across the bow of a foreign ship, which had moved a little too near to the entrance to the harbor.

A little after noon the news came that negotiations were still going on, and that the peace had been extended until noon the next day.

When he heard it Yankee Doodle quietly arose and went to Colonel Wood.

"Colonel," said he, "you gave me permission to

fight with your men, and as long as I am with them I am bound to obey all your orders."

"Yes," assented the colonel, "what about it?"

"Only this. I believe the Spaniards are up to some trick, and I want to get out and move around to the right wing to see what it is."

"Go ahead," laughed the colonel.

"I want Pedro and Joe to go with me."

"Take 'em along," said the colonel, "they are not on my roll, anyway."

"Let me have Moreland and Hawkins too, please."

"How long are you going to be gone?" the colonel asked.

"I don't know. Maybe all the afternoon and night."

"Well, now, see here," said Colonel Wood, "the truce is extended until noon to-morrow; they can go with you provided they return before the expiration of the truce."

"All right," said Yankee Doodle, and he returned to inform the two Rough Riders of the fact that the colonel had granted them permission to accompany him.

"Where are you going?" Moreland asked.

"Out beyond the right wing."

"What for?"

"Oh, to see what's going on out there."

"All right, pard, I'm with you."

Joe went over to where old Pedro was asleep on the ground and woke him up.

"Come on, old man," he said, "we're off."

"Where to, senor?"

"Oh, we're going to take the city," replied Joe.

The old Cuban sprang to his feet, machete in hand, exclaiming :

"*Sancti Marie!* it is time," and he looked towards the city, and then to the right and left along the American line.

Everything looked so quiet and peaceful that he turned and glanced inquiringly at Joe, who then explained they were to go with Yankee Doodle out beyond the right wing of the army.

A shade of disappointment passed over the old man's face as he turned away, and strolled over to where Yankee Doodle and the two cowboys were waiting for him, where he asked :

"What is it, senor?"

"We are simply going out to see if we can find something to do."

"Why have we nothing to do here, senor?"

"Because they are still talking; and the truce has been extended until to-morrow."

"*Diablos!*" he growled.

The little party of five started out on their journey, making for the rear of the line, where they soon got into the shade of the trees. Then they pushed forward to the west until they struck the road leading to Caimenez.

When they reached the village they found it in possession of the American troops, many of whom recognized Yankee Doodle as the hero of the recent fight

at that place. Nearly all the villagers knew him, for the majority of them had been witnesses of the cavalry fight, when he nearly destroyed an entire squadron of Spanish horse.

"Say Pedro," said he to the old Cuban, "do you know where Miguel's wife and daughter are stopping?"

"Si, senor, they are stopping with senora's sister."

"Let us go there then. I'd like to see them."

The old man led the way to the house, from the roof of which Miguel's wife and daughter with their relatives had witnessed the fight with the Spanish cavalry.

The daughter saw them coming and ran to inform her mother. They both met him at the door and gave him a warm welcome.

Her sister was the wife of one of the magistrates of the town who invited them in, giving each one a warm welcome. Very much to Yankee Doodle's gratification they found Miguel there, he having come in to have his wounds dressed.

"Glad to see you, Miguel," exclaimed Yankee Doodle. "How's your head getting on?"

"It is feeling better, senor."

"Glad to hear it, and glad also to see senora and senorita looking so well. Do you feel able to do a little bit of service this afternoon and to-night?"

"Si, senor. Where are you going?"

"Over on the west side of the bay," he replied.

"Si, senor; I will go."

Yankee Doodle took him aside and slipped five pesos into his hand, saying as he did so:

"Give that to senora."

"Thank you, senor; may good fortune come to you all the days of your life. But for you I fear they would have perished of hunger," and with that he turned away to gladden the heart of his wife by placing the money in her hand.

The faithful wife and mother knew whence it came, went straight to Yankee Doodle, took his hand in hers, and pressed it to her lips without uttering a word.

The daughter saw the simple silent act, and quickly divined the motive that prompted it. She, too, went up to him, and said, in a half whisper:

"You are good to us, senor, and I pray that all the saints will watch over you."

"Thank you, senorita," he returned; "it was you and senora who risked your lives for me when you concealed me from the Spanish marines. There is nothing that I can do that would repay the debt I owe you."

"It is no longer a debt, senor, for if we really saved your life it was but one, while you saved two lives, my mother's and mine. But who is the tall man with the blue eyes and brown mustache, senor?" she asked, looking in the direction of Jack Moreland.

"His name is Moreland, an American soldier, and one of the bravest of the brave. I will introduce him to you," and he lost no time in introducing both Jack and Bill to the pretty senorita.

Both the cowboys had a pretty good knowledge of Spanish, and were soon laughing and chatting merrily with the young girl. It was very plain, however, that she preferred Jack to the other, while Jack himself seemed to be pretty badly smitten.

In a little while a couple of other young Cuban girls, friends of Maria, came in, to whom Yankee Doodle and Hawkins were quickly introduced by the senora. That left Jack alone with Maria, and for more than an hour he paid her most devoted attention.

While they were thus engaged the senora was busy preparing a meal for the visitors, which they very heartily enjoyed. A little before sunset Yankee Doodle suggested that they pay a visit to the inlet on the west side of the upper end of the bay of Santiago, for the purpose of seeing whether or not the Spaniards were making any attempt to get out of the city by that way.

Miguel went with them, armed with rifle and machete.

"Will you all come back, senors?" Senorita Maria asked, as they were leaving.

"Si, senorita," Yankee Doodle replied. "It would be very bad for us if we did not."

"Oh, I mean, will you come back here to see us?" she explained, with child-like innocence.

"You bet we will," said Jack, "for I wouldn't think of returning to the lines without first doing so."

They took the little road leading down to the inlet, where had formerly stood a dozen fishermen's huts, but which had been destroyed by the Spaniards.

Yankee Doodle was satisfied that since the American lines had been extended down to the water on the north side of the city, the Spaniards were communicating with forces in the interior by sending couriers across there under cover of darkness. Boats concealed in the thicket, back of the strip of sand, convinced him that his suspicions were by no means groundless.

"Boys," said he to the others, "I suspect that the delay in negotiations for the surrender of the city is solely for the purpose of enabling certain officers and other people to escape before the city is given up, and to-night we may look for a lot of them coming across here in boats."

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

SOON after the sun went down, Yankee Doodle stationed the men around the bay for a few hundred yards, to watch for the coming of anything from the city. When all of them had taken their station with the exception of Jack Moreland, the latter said to him in a low, confidential tone of voice:

"I say, pard, old Miguel's gal is a daisy, isn't she?"

"A very beautiful girl," assented Yankee Doodle, "and I think she is a good girl, too."

"Why, pard," said Jack, "she's the most beauti-

ful girl I ever saw; and hanged if I don't believe I'll dream about her when I sleep."

Yankee Doodle smiled, and asked:

"You're not stuck, are you?"

"I reckon I am, pard."

"Well, let me tell you something. Just before I introduced you to her she asked me who you were, and in such a way as to convince me that she is very much taken with you."

"Is that so, pard?"

"Yes, it is true, Jack. She is not only good and beautiful, but is one of the gamest little girls you ever saw. I've already told you how she and her mother saved me from the marines."

"Yes, yes, so you have! And so she's the girl, is she?"

"Yes, and I believe that it was through her work more than her mother's that the marines were turned away without finding me."

Jack went to his post, evidently thinking more of the beautiful Cuban than of the dangers he was to encounter that night. They had not been very long in position before the clouds gathered and a terrific downpour of rain followed. Of course, during the rainfall the darkness was very great, and the patterning of the raindrops was sufficient to drown almost any ordinary noise, so Yankee Doodle went along from post to post to warn the men to be extra vigilant, since they could see but a little way in the dark.

"I reckon I'll patrol the beach, pard," said Jack, "as I will get just as wet here as out there."

"Then you'd better let the others know it," suggested Yankee Doodle, "for they might take you for a Spaniard."

"All right!" and he went forward to inform the others that he would walk up and down the beach, as he could not see from the bushes as far as the water's edge.

In about an hour after he began patrolling the beach he suddenly ran into a rowboat just as it was beached on the sand. Two men sprang out of it, the foremost one being within five feet of him when he called a halt in Spanish.

"Who are you?" the man asked.

"Who are you?" he asked in turn.

"I am a Cuban."

"Then come with me," said Jack.

At that moment the man sprang at him, aiming a blow at his breast, and Jack, being on his guard, suspected that he held a weapon of some kind, though it was too dark for him to see what it was. The simple fact, however, that the man had attacked him showed he was an enemy.

Quick as a flash Jack fired and the man fell. The other started to run, but Jack, with the cowboy handiness with the revolver, plugged him before he had gone three paces, and down he went with a groan.

Yankee Doodle and the others quickly ran up.

"What is it, pard?" he asked.

"Two men came over in a boat," he replied, "and as they wouldn't stop I had to shoot."

"Let us see who they are," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the two men on the ground, one of whom was groaning as if in great pain.

"Who are you?" Yankee Doodle asked of the wounded man, but the latter made no reply.

The downpour of rain was so great there was no chance to strike a light with which to make an investigation.

"See if there is anything in the boat," ordered Yankee Doodle, and Bill Hawkins took hold of the boat and dragged it up higher on the beach, assisted by Pedro and Joe.

"Hello!" said Joe, as he stepped inside the boat and found a satchel that seemed to weigh at least fifty pounds. "Here's a prize."

"What is it?" Yankee Doodle asked, going to his side.

"It's a heavy satchel."

He lifted it out and deposited it on the sand, where Yankee Doodle took hold of it as if to satisfy himself that it was indeed a prize.

In the meantime Miguel and Bill Hawkins were searching the body of the dead man. They found a leather belt around his body that was almost round, so full was it stuffed with what they judged to be coin.

"I say, pard," said Bill, "I've had hold of money belts before, but this is the heaviest I ever struck."

"Eh, is that so?" said Yankee Doodle, "then they are trying to get out of the city with their valuables."

"That's just the size of it, pard," said Jack, "and I reckon we've struck it rich for once in our lives."

By that time the wounded man had ceased groaning, and when they went to him they found that he was dead. He, too, carried a heavy money belt, which was soon taken from his person by old Pedro.

"Now, boys," said Yankee Doodle, "put the bodies back into the boat, and shove it out into the water again."

It was quickly done, and then the two belts and heavy satchel were taken into the bushes, and deposited at the foot of a huge live oak.

"We'll leave them here now," said Yankee Doodle, "and all six of us stick together to patrol the beach in a body."

They went to the water's edge while the rain was yet coming down in torrents, and walked along up and down for a distance of a quarter of a mile. On their way back they found that a boat had landed, and five men were lifting from it and depositing on the sand several small boxes.

As soon as they found they were discovered, the men opened fire from revolvers at a distance of only ten or fifteen feet. Joe was wounded in the left shoulder, whilst Hawkins received a flesh wound on his left thigh, and a bullet struck old Pedro's machete.

The fire was instantly returned by every man except Joe, who fell flat on his back when he was hit.

The fight was short, sharp and decisive, as the two cowboys were dead shots with their revolvers, while

old Pedro cut down two with his machete. In less than two minutes all five were dead.

"Blast them!" said Hawkins, "I'm hit!"

"Where?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"In the left thigh."

"You can walk, though, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Hello! Where's Joe?" Yankee Doodle asked, seeing that one of the party was missing.

"Here I am," said Joe, who had risen to a sitting position on the sand. "I'm hit!"

Yankee Doodle ran to him, knelt by his side, saying:

"Where are you hit, old man?"

"In the left shoulder."

"By George, that's bad. Can you raise your hand?"

Joe tried to, and utterly failed.

"Lord, but it hurts!"

"Place my finger where the wound is, Joe," said Yankee Doodle.

Joe took his hand, placed it against his shoulder, and said:

"It's right there."

"Right square in the shoulder," said Yankee Doodle. "You'll have to be attended to at once. Hawkins is hit, too; in the leg; but I don't think it is so bad as yours. Just sit where you are and we'll attend to you soon."

Yankee Doodle then rejoined the others, when old Pedro, who had been examining the bodies of the dead Spaniards, reported that one was an officer, while the others seemed to be common soldiers.

"What did they have in the boat?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Eight small boxes, all very heavy, besides two spades."

"Two spades?"

"Yes," said Moreland.

"By George, they came over to bury treasure, then!"

"I reckon we'll have to do that ourselves, pard," said Moreland.

"Yes; for we seem to have more than we can carry. We must send these bodies adrift as we did the others," and in a few minutes it was done.

"Now, let us take these boxes to the foot of the big oak, after which Bill and Joe will have to be attended to."

"Oh, I'm all right," said Hawkins. "I can stand it till morning."

"All right then, we'll have only Joe to look after."

Yankee Doodle and Pedro went to the fifer, raised him to his feet and walked him over to the tree where he sat down on one of the boxes, uttering a groan of pain as he did so.

"Now, see here, men," said Yankee Doodle, "we've probably captured a small fortune for each of us. Let us all clasp hands around Joe here and swear to be true and square in the division of the prize we have

captured, and to keep secret everything that has happened to-night."

They readily complied with his suggestions, after which he said:

"Pedro, you and Miguel must take Joe to Caimenez to Miguel's home and send for a surgeon, or go for one yourselves. We three will stay here until you return. Whatever captures we may make in your absence all six will share alike. Tell your wife, Miguel, and her sister that I will pay them well for their services in nursing him."

"Si, senor," said Pedro, "we will go now," and the two raised him to his feet and started off at once, whilst the other three proceeded again to the water's edge to patrol up and down the beach until the others should return.

Soon after they left with Joe the rain ceased and the clouds dispersed, giving a clear starlight night, which enabled them to see quite a distance out on the water.

Although he claimed that his wound was but slight, Hawkins soon found that he was bleeding profusely, so he took a handkerchief and tied it tightly over it as a compress.

Yankee Doodle tried to persuade him to return to the village and have it dressed.

"No," said he; "I've been worse hit than this, pard. It'll be time enough in the morning."

"Then you go down there on the beach, while Jack and I will bury these things in the sand, and when the city has surrendered we'll have a nice thing for ourselves."

"All right, pard," he replied, turning and making his way back down to the water's edge.

Yankee Doodle and Jack then set to work, each with a spade, and in a very few minutes had buried the eight boxes nearly three feet under the surface of the sand. They smoothed the surface over in such a way as to destroy suspicion of what had been done.

The two leather belts and the satchel they decided not to bury, but to take along with them.

An hour passed, and no other boat appeared.

"I guess no more of them are coming, pard," said Jack.

"That's what I was thinking myself," Yankee Doodle remarked. "I guess the pistol shots told the people on the other side that the beach over here is guarded, and so no more will probably come over."

"I never thought of that," said Bill. "I reckon that ends our work for the night."

Two more hours passed, and old Miguel and Pedro returned.

"How did you leave Joe?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"We left him with the doctor, senor."

"How did he stand the trip?"

"He was in great pain."

"Well, we have seen no more people come over since you left, so I think we had better go back ourselves, for it is now well past midnight. We can take the satchel and two belts with us and divide the contents as soon as we reach the house."

But they waited another hour longer in the hope of intercepting other parties, after which they took up the satchel and belt and returned to the village.

On reaching the house, Miguel managed to slip the prize into a room unperceived by the women of the household. There by the light of a little lamp they opened the belts and satchel, finding in the three upwards of thirty thousand dollars in gold and jewels.

It was divided into six equal parts, after which they drew straws for choice of the six piles, but each one was so near the value of the others that little interest was taken in the drawing, each being thoroughly satisfied with his share, which amounted to five thousand dollars each.

By that time day was dawning, and the men hastened to snatch a few hours' sleep before returning to the camp to report to Colonel Wood.

They found that Joe was doing well since the bullet had been extracted by the surgeon. They left him there in charge of Miguel's wife and daughter and her sister.

On reaching the line where the Rough Riders were stationed, they found the men still waiting for news concerning the negotiations for the surrender of the city of Santiago.

Just as the truce expired an officer came riding down the line, waving his hat above his head, crying out at the top of his voice :

"Toral has surrendered!"

The men cheered him frantically as he dashed along, and many of them sprang up and sang and danced as if wild with joy.

Yankee Doodle ran up to old Pedro, slapped him vigorously on the shoulder, saying :

"Why don't you cheer, you old head-splitter?"

"Senor Yankee Doodle," returned the old man, "my thirst for vengeance is still unsatisfied. Were it in my power I would go through yonder city with my machete and cut off every Spaniard's head in it."

"You are too savage, Pedro."

"No, señor, they have made me savage; and I feel all the more so because some of them have escaped me by this surrender."

"Don't worry, old man; there are sixty thousand soldiers in Havana. We will go there soon, where perhaps your thirst for Spanish gore may be satisfied. We can now divide our prize and send it to a place of safety, for there will be no more fighting about here."

It was a day of great rejoicing both in the army and the fleet.

The Stars and Stripes was run up over the city, while the Spaniards laid down their arms and gave up their forts and arsenals.

The twenty thousand refugees, who had fled from the bombardment of the city to El Caney, now returned to their homes, rejoicing that grim-visaged war had smoothed its wrinkled front. Rations were issued to them for a few days, and the port was thrown open and the blockade lifted.

While the rejoicing over the surrender of the city was going on, Yankee Doodle's little party of six, with the exception of Joe Bailey returned to their buried treasure, which amounted to eighty thousand dollars, there being ten thousand dollars in each box.

It was divided into six equal parts, each taking charge of his own share, Yankee Doodle looking for Joe's interest.

A week passed, and Jack Moreland asked Miguel for the hand of his daughter, Maria; the happy old Cuban promptly consented to their union.

Joe remained at the house of the old Cuban until he recovered from his wounds, as he received better treatment there than he could hope to get in the army hospital. When he was able to get out, he and Yankee Doodle returned to Colonel Wood's headquarters, with whom they decided to remain until the exigencies of the war called for their services in other fields.

There we will leave them for the present, knowing that the adventurous spirit that had led them through such wonderful adventures, would soon bring them to the front again.



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